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THE SPHERE, JULY 16, 1932
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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1695 JULY 16, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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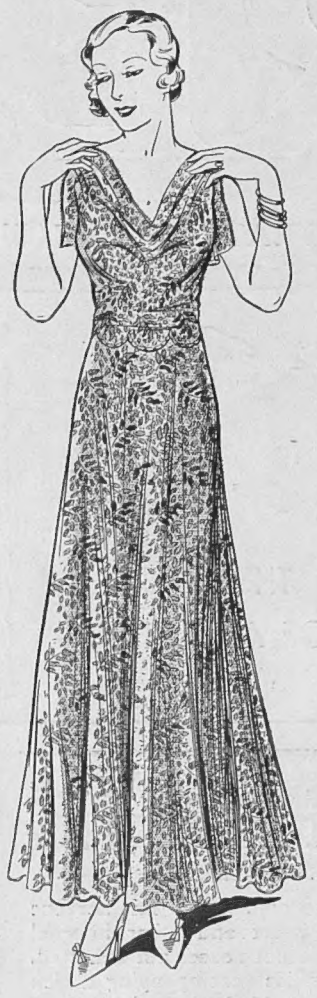

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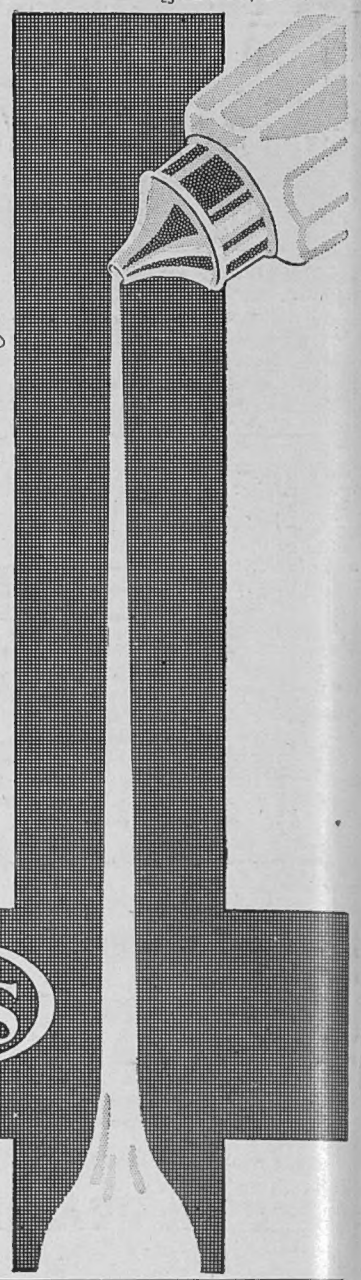

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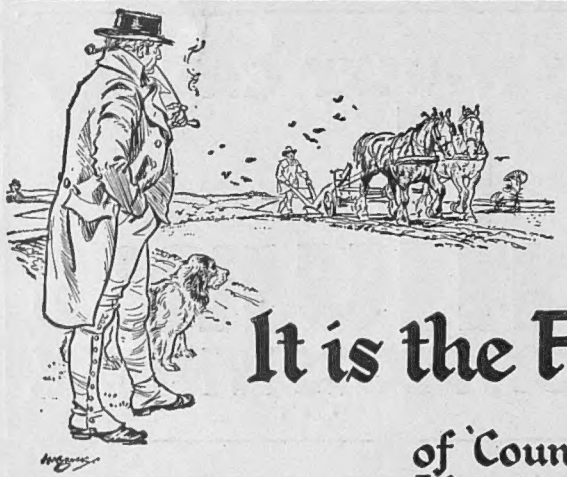

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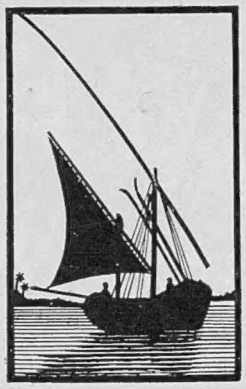

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 16, 1932

BRITAIN'S SIGNATURE AT LAUSANNE

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald Binds the Country to Forgo Reparations on Condition that the U.S.A. comes to an Arrangement with Regard to War Debts

"As a result of Lausanne I hope we have heard the last of reparations. Until the position of Germany as an element in world trade and as a factor in British conditions is realized there is no recovery for us. If the plan agreed upon at Lausanne is not fully carried out, instead of falling back on the Young Plan there will be another conference. I believe there is no nation more ready to lend a hand in straightening out the entanglements and the troubles with which we are surrounded than is America. Preparations have already begun for the second phase of the conference to be called by the League of Nations; I am not in favour of its being held in Geneva. We must get the nations of Europe more and more to apply the spirit of the Covenant of the League of Nations; Lausanne has opened new ways, maybe very broad ways. I wish to make it clear that all Lausanne did was to straighten out the internal difficulties of Europe."
— *Points from Mr. MacDonald's Speech in the House last Tuesday*

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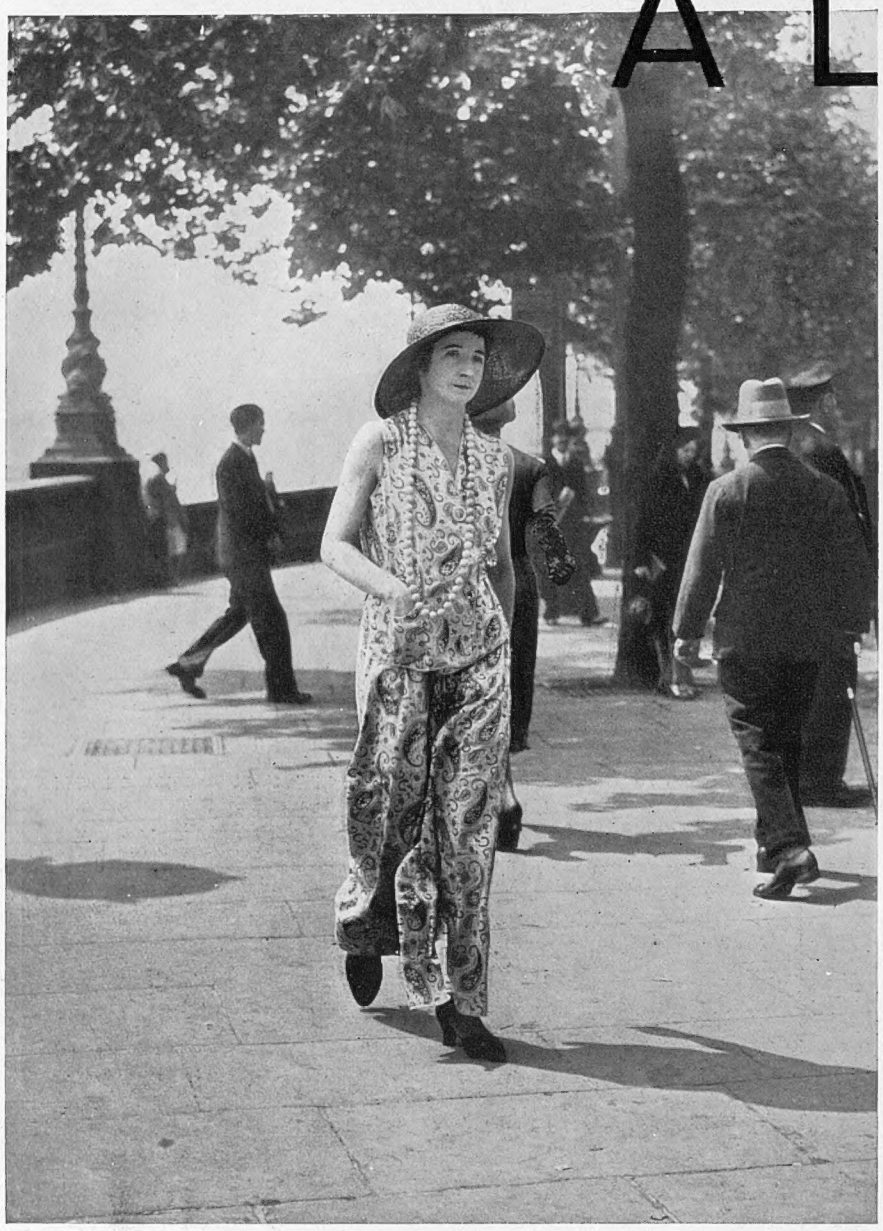
A London New



HEAT WAVE: The Embankment took on the atmosphere of the Riviera during the recent burst of hot weather. This young woman gave striking evidence of the advantage which the bare arm fashion gives to woman during a heat spell; the chiffon dress weighs about a couple of ounces

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 13, 1932.

BUSINESS DONE. — Parliament can rise "with the gratifying feeling that its duty has been done." The Session has produced results transcending the wildest hopes of a devoted band of optimists. The greatest conversion scheme in the history of world finance has been brilliantly and courageously handled and has succeeded completely. It has resulted in an "economy" cut of upward of £20,000,000 a year, and that cut is but a prelude to a practically guaranteed undertaking on the part of the Government to effect with the axe, and perhaps with further conversion schemes, annual Exchequer savings of twice that amount. In a word, we can be sure that good to the extent of £70,000,000 a year saved will before next Budget result from the work of Parliament this summer. Emergency tariff labours have materially improved the National Budget on the credit side. The nation is beginning hopefully to think once more in terms of £700,000,000 Budgets. The predicted failure of Lausanne (a prediction from which I have constantly dissented) has not materialized. If success was not complete, if the highest hopes were not realized, the term failure is the very last which can fairly be applied to Lausanne. It is a triumph for all concerned, for none more than Mr. MacDonald. At Lausanne this July the nations of Europe at long last not only proved that they think, but agreed to work, internationally for peace and the revival of world industry. From Lausanne grew a new and hopeful Anglo-French Entente. Out of Lausanne arose the first real attempt to revise that damnable Treaty of Versailles which has so long caused the wounds of Europe to fester. The scene has changed to Ottawa, and here also if a liberal spirit, a world view, is maintained, the hopes of further progress for civilization are bright. Let us remember with gratitude our own statesmen and applaud the brilliant successes of Mr. MacDonald in the limelight of Europe and of his colleagues, not forgetting to record our admiration for the loyalty and selflessness of Mr. Baldwin who has taken the kicks and none of the halfpence at home.

A SACRIFICE FOR SIN.— At this momentous hour for the reduction of armaments and the mad and hideous waste of war, there lie in the famous harbours of England and France a hundred young men of the best blood of those two great countries. Their bodies remain pent up in the prisons in which they were condemned (for no crimes of their own committing) to serve out the best years of youth. They lived and they died in what civilization has come by bitter experience to regard as a living tomb, as a life-sentence prison. At the time when the total abolition of the submarine is being urged on a civilization returning to sanity, these young Englishmen and Frenchmen gave their lives, a reasonable and sufficient sacrifice, for one of the world's crimson sins. With the memory of those wasted and invaluable young lives, sacrificed to the cowardice and stupidity, obstinacy and pride, of statesmanship and diplomacy, dares any statesman or diplomat among the nations raise his voice again to obstruct the abolition of the submarine? The memories of *M 2* and *Prométhée*, lying 20 and 40 fathoms deep, rise to estop for ever such impiety and ruthlessness.

THE U.S. PRESIDENCY. — The first phase of the U.S. Presidential election fever has passed. The national temperature has fallen a little, and the polyglot patient has a breathing space till the autumn. Franklyn Roosevelt, Governor of New York State, secured at the fourth ballot the required and overwhelming vote as Democratic candidate. It is foolish to prophesy, yet I feel it in my bones that he will sweep the country. He is a strong candidate, and that is proved in part by the fact that physically he might fairly be described as a cripple. A few months ago he felt it his duty to undergo the disagreeable experience of a public medical examination into his physical fitness for the Presidency. That is to say, reports were made by medical men and were published in various Democratic journals, together with relevant evidence from Mr. Roosevelt's intimates, rebutting many persistent charges of his physical inability to do the President's job in its many tiring particulars. A weak man would have shrunk from such an inquisition. He is a strong candidate, and he has in his favour that tremendous political reaction which, since the War, has settled most national elections. It is a national reaction against the failure (the inevitable failure, of course) of the Governments that have had (and of course failed in) their opportunities.

. . . .

Roosevelt's planks are strong. There is the "wet" plank which will not necessarily prove a slippery one. The American nation realizes at last how large a share prohibition has played in bringing lawlessness and corruption in her administration to their present ghastly proportions. There is the "Liberal" plank, which is to bridge the wall that divides the American's backyard from the larger field of world politics and is to make a way over the impregnable barbed-wire entanglement of prohibitive tariffs. There is the plank of international co-operation in the wider field of politics. None of these planks are newly sawn and planed. They are old as American politics, but they are strong and new in their aptness to the present reaction in the States. Add to their weight, the weight of a name—and the name of Roosevelt is still one to conjure with—and Franklyn Roosevelt has a wonderful chance of giving to the States from the White House a Liberal education.

TRADE UNION LOGIC.— The whole crew—including the ship's lawyer and arch-Bolshie—realize that when in mid-ocean the ship springs a leak, it is "all hands to the pump" first and the settlement of individual grievances afterwards. For if the ship goes down the grievances will go under with the crew. It is a truth too naked to need explanation — in mid-ocean. But in Industry—though the leaks are many and dangerous — the lesson has not begun to be learnt. Every vital industry in this country still cries out for a serious effort at rationalization, be it by means of pooling, of co-operation between rivals, of installing labour-saving and up-to-date machinery, or otherwise of perfecting the methods of production and distribution. Economy in National expenditure is not going to solve the problems of industry, and the sooner that Industry realizes this the better. Economy and the settlement of War debts and reparations, and the reduction of armaments, can do much to re-establish confidence in the world, but it cannot make a paying proposition of an out-of-date, uneconomic commercial machine. If your piston rings are worn out, your oil bill will be prohibitive and ultimately you must give up driving and sack your chauffeur.

. . . .

It is the old story of the branch and the saw, and still the leaders of the trade unions encourage their followers to apply the saw at the wrong end of the branch. On the survival of the textile industry or the railways depends the whole livelihood of millions of men in this country. No one doubts it. Yet every scheme to save those industries from mouldering to decay is met with obstruction. Individual grievances are still preferred to the vital problem of saving the industry on which all depend. In theory it is a fine thing to declare for standing or falling by one's mates. In present practice it is the blindest of folly, selfishness and ignorant obstinacy. It is letting a good ship sink, it is broadcasting ruin over the length and breadth of England in order that the prestige of a sea lawyer or two may not suffer eclipse.

AMURATH TO AMURATH. —Sir Donald Maclean's office is still unfilled. If a nice balance of parties were not a matter of importance in preserving a united front for the National party, the obvious successor would be Lord Eustace Percy, who would carry with him to the Board of Education a long experience and a sacred pledge to economy on education. But that nice balance of parties is regarded as vital, and Lord Lothian is the favourite for the post. Lord Lothian is still without administrative experience of any considerable kind. He was long, too long, a power behind the throne, and his labours in India have not yet determined the degree of his abilities for responsible statesmanship. Candidates spoken of for the Abbey Division have been many. Sir Basil Blackett had obvious claims, albeit we have achieved our financial stroke without that strengthening of Parliament by financial experts which was so widely recommended at the Marylebone by-election. The return of Mr. Sidney Herbert came as a pleasant surprise to his friends and acquaintances. The latter at any rate believed that ill-health had banished him for ever from public life. But as a fact he is extraordinarily improved in health and may yet—for he is in the early forties—stride up the political ladder.

THE BARNEY TRIAL.— The Barney case ended in an acquittal on all counts, and on the whole, considering that it excited much public interest, it gave rise to less sensationalism and sloppiness than was anticipated. The conduct of the case was a model of British dignity in the administration of justice—conceive what it would have been in France or America!—yet, despite Sir Patrick Hastings' notable defence, the trial has no claim to be called "notable." The unhappy woman has paid in full and might have been expected gladly to retire for a space from the limelight. And the man has paid with his life—a life better ended, if it was to go on as it had begun. It is impossible to conceive a career of greater degradation for a young man than to fail as a woman's dress designer and to fall back on the income of his mistress. It is a story of folly, of lack of ideals and self-restraint, of the miserable pursuit of distraction in idleness; the tragedy of post-war existence which has fallen heavily on a section of our youth of the upper middle class with more money than ideals, lacking the stimulus and check of high traditions of conduct and service, and of discipline in youth. Life in the mews in London for the majority of the tenants has ever been and still is dreary, earnest, colourless, and hard. The fashion of the converted mews-flat-cum-cocktail-bar doubtless brought colour of a sort into mews life, but there is no evidence to show that it has brought higher ideals or set a finer example. The bright young things from wealthy middle-class homes have not largely justified their loose inclusion in "London Society." That much abused term has continually lost caste as its scope has widened to include vast numbers of persons to whom *noblesse oblige* is an outworn and antiquated saw untranslatable in word or in conduct. Last week we were well quit of several sordid and sensational trials. It must be the earnest hope of millions that they may never again go through the sordid experience of an ecclesiastical inquisition on Stiffkey lines.

sletter

LONDON'S CRICKET WEEK.—The amateurs come into their own for a week each year at the beginning of July, when the University match, the Eton and Harrow, and the Gentlemen and Players fixtures are staged. Time was—a time looked back on with happy memories—when that week was but a prelude to half-a-dozen more cricket weeks enjoyed in the stately homes of England when Time and the shadows of the limes crept slowly across close-mown private cricket grounds. They are meadows again now, and the last generation of golden youth that played the game there lies buried over the length and breadth of Europe and the Near East. And only a small percentage of those who knew the charm of that country house life still play regular cricket. Lord Tennyson is one of them and it seems that, as he gets older, he improves at the game. He was no great shakes as a schoolboy batsman when he played cricket at Eton. He is certainly one of the heroes of last week, and divides the honours with Wilcox and Ratcliffe of Cambridge, and Hone of Oxford, whose resolute batting redeemed Oxford's initial set-back, for which the luck of the toss was largely responsible. Hotchkin and Pulbrook were the heroes of the unambitious and unemotional cricket which characterized the Eton and Harrow match. Jupp on another field achieved a notable triumph with the ball, playing against Kent for Northampton.

WEST SUSSEX GARDENS.—West Sussex is now about to take the strain from the tired hands of London and get its share of fashionable limelight. The Sussex fortnight is approaching and Goodwood, the most charming and informal, if not one of the most important, summer meeting begins on July 26. The charm of Goodwood is threefold—its setting among lovely beechwoods shading smooth downs; its views in all directions—you can almost distinguish yachts sailing on the Solent; and its peculiar recipe for making people friendly. At Goodwood, the most "cliquey" forget for once that there are only a dozen "people who matter," and revive again the friendships of their struggling days. But I was intending to speak not of racing but of gardens. Doubtless, by design, four of the most interesting of West Sussex gardens open their gates to the public at this time. Of the fame of Petworth (July 16 and 17) I have already said enough. Goodwood is open on the 17th and can show any amount of interesting things; Parham (Mr. Clive Pearson) opens on the 20th, and finally Up Park (Sir Herbert Meade-Fetherstonhaugh) on the 21st. This last is not a chance to miss. The first home of Emma Hamilton, an early memory of H. G. Wells, Up Park is well named. It is a park in a thousand, the very model of an 18th century gentleman's estate, remote, high, with glorious views to the sunlit sea. The thrilling interest of the unspoilt and splendidly complete furnishings inside the house I will not stress. To see Up Park from within with the aid of an informed and sympathetic guide is an experience no one is likely to forget. But it is something to see the external setting of a house, now unique in all England as a complete, perfect, and unspoilt private museum of the best taste in English furnishing and decorating art in the early 18th century.

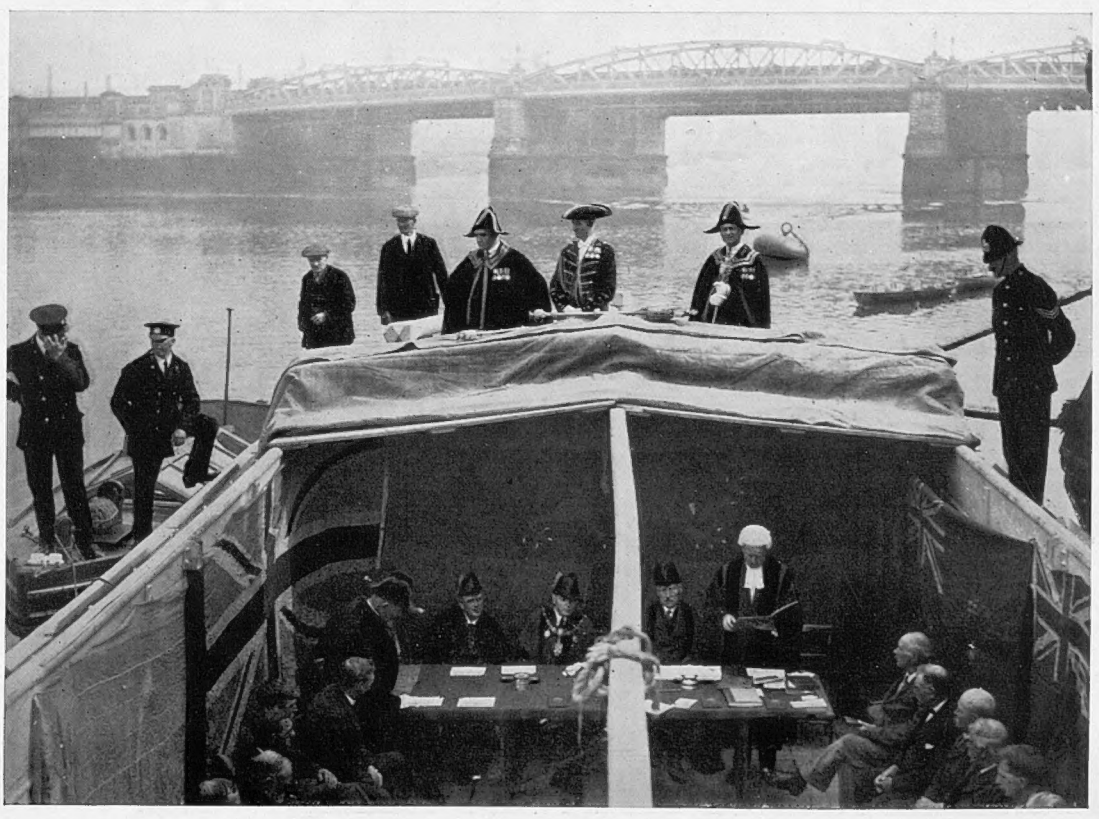
THE DRAKE PORTRAIT.—Romantic—that much abused word—may fairly be applied to the discovery after three hundred years of an authentic portrait of Francis Drake, our "general at sea" in the Armada fight, and "El Draco," the dreaded pirate, to all Spaniards. How this portrait by Marc Gheerardts came to be painted in 1589 or thereabouts, we know from history. But what its history has been for the past three centuries is more obscure. It would probably never have been identified as Drake's portrait but for the jewel depicted in it—Elizabeth's gift to Drake, the triumphant circumnavigator—which is preserved in Devon to this day. All is well, and the portrait is now where it should be, among its peers at Greenwich. Identification of portraits by jewels is not so rare. I can recall another case—the identification of a picture as of Queen Mary of Scots by an inventory of her jewels, every one of which is depicted in the portrait, which is in private hands to-day.

THE SHYOK DAM.—The extent of the damage from the bursting of the Shyok Dam is not yet known. The destructive power of the released waters is stupendous, as we appreciated in 1928. A rich section of inhabited Kashmir and the Attock Bridge are threatened.

THE OLD STAGER.

"'HOPE' SOARS ETERNAL ON TRIUMPHANT WING": Captain W. L. Hope, winner of the King's Cup in 1927, 1928 and 1932, chaired after his most recent victory. He defeated Lieut. Fielden, who, flying the Prince of Wales's machine, was placed second

HOLIDAY: 500 children from Laxon Street School, Bermondsey—a very poor district—were given an outing in Epping Forest a few days ago. The scheme, run by Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, is taking 2,000 children per week for a period of eleven weeks on holiday to the Forest



A COURT MEETS ON A RIVER BARGE: One of the most picturesque courts in the country, the Medway Court of Admiralty, which is more than two hundred years old, met, according to custom, on a barge on the river Medway at Rochester. The Mayor, Councillor George Jenner, for the occasion became Admiral of the Medway. The Town Clerk is seen above declaring the court open

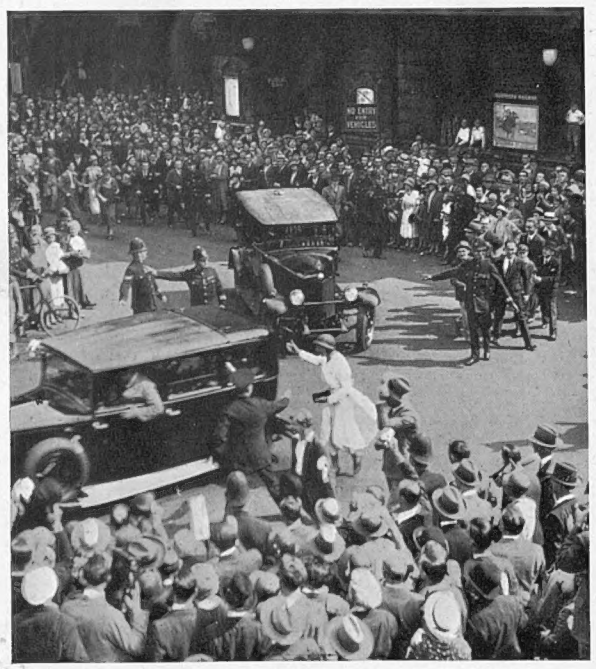
LAUSANNE

HERRIOT IN EXPANSIVE MOOD: The French Premier interviews the Press. With typically Latin exuberance, he has put his arm round the shoulders of Mlle Claude Allain, the French journalist. He even kissed a German and a French journalist!

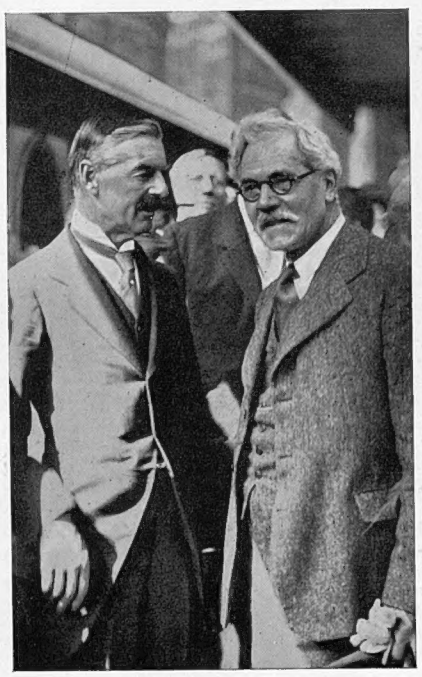
THE SIGNATURE OF GERMANY: Herr von Papen who, should America behave with far-sighted generosity, will have deserved more than well of his country

THE SIGNATURE OF FRANCE: M. Herriot pledges the Republic to the agreement of Lausanne. In his statement to France, however, he states that if the U.S.A. does not ratify, "we shall be at our old positions"

A SIGNATURE OF BRITAIN: Sir Maurice Hankey appends his signature to the Lausanne document, by which, for a period in any event, Britain has extended a moratorium to her debtors, but does not receive one from her creditor



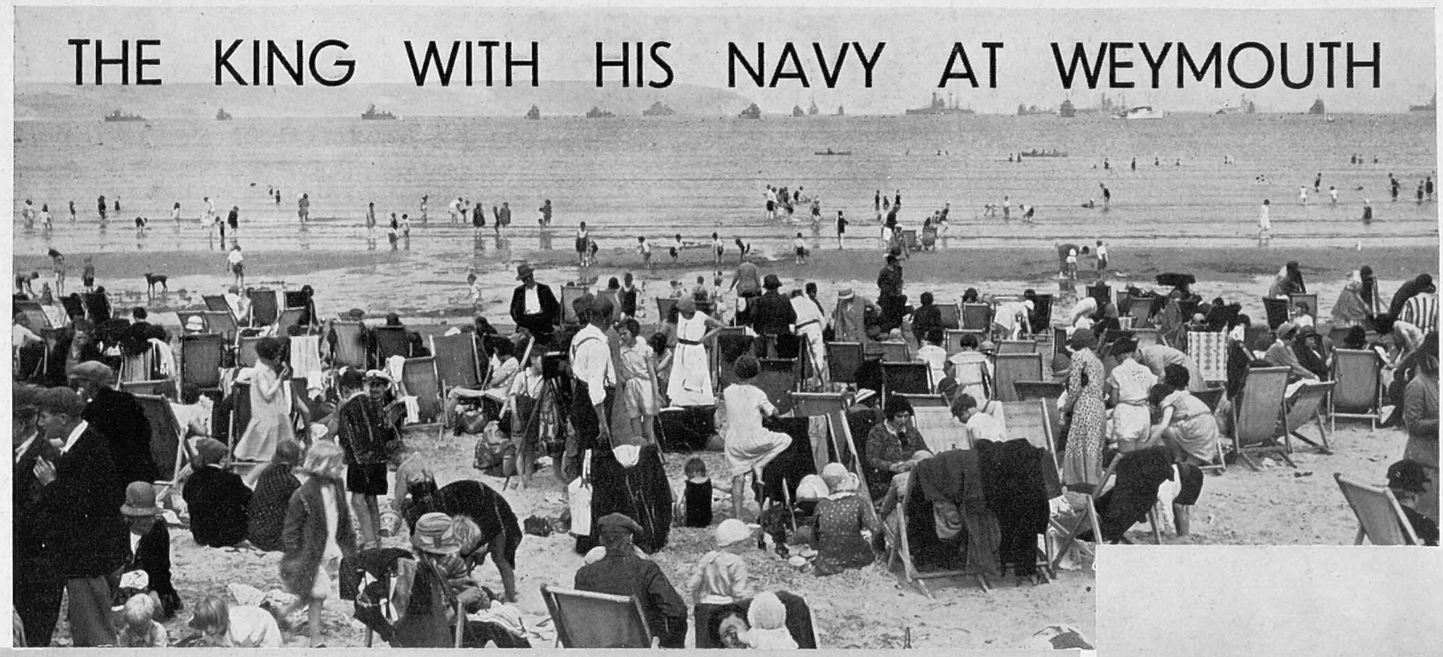
THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's car nearly ran into the cheering throng when it swerved to avoid a stumbling horse

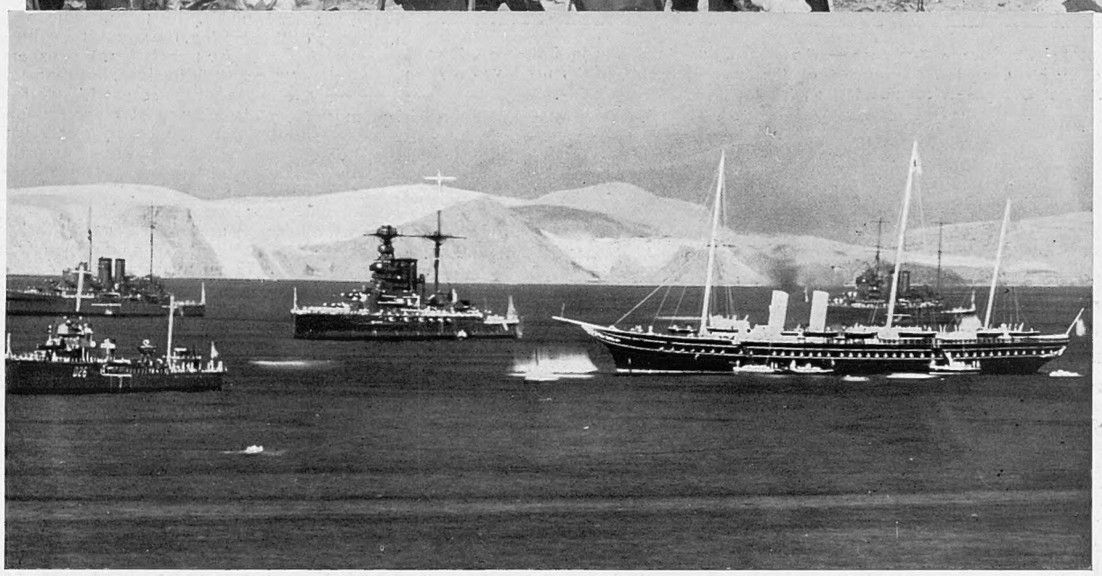


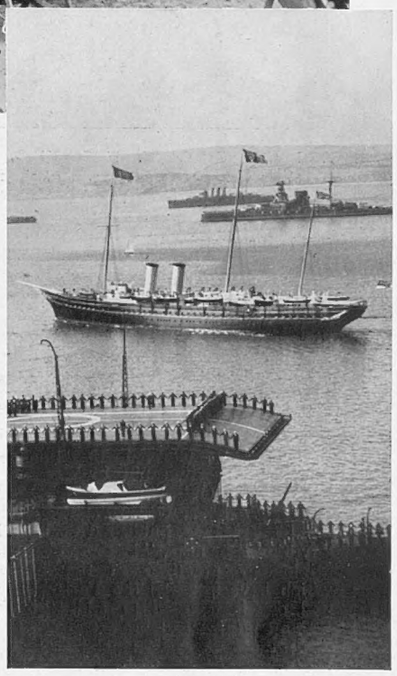
POLITICIANS ON THE "PLATFORM"! Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at Victoria

BROADCASTING THE TIDINGS: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald speaks into the microphone. Both he and the Chancellor have expressed high delight at the Lausanne results

THE KING WITH HIS NAVY AT WEYMOUTH

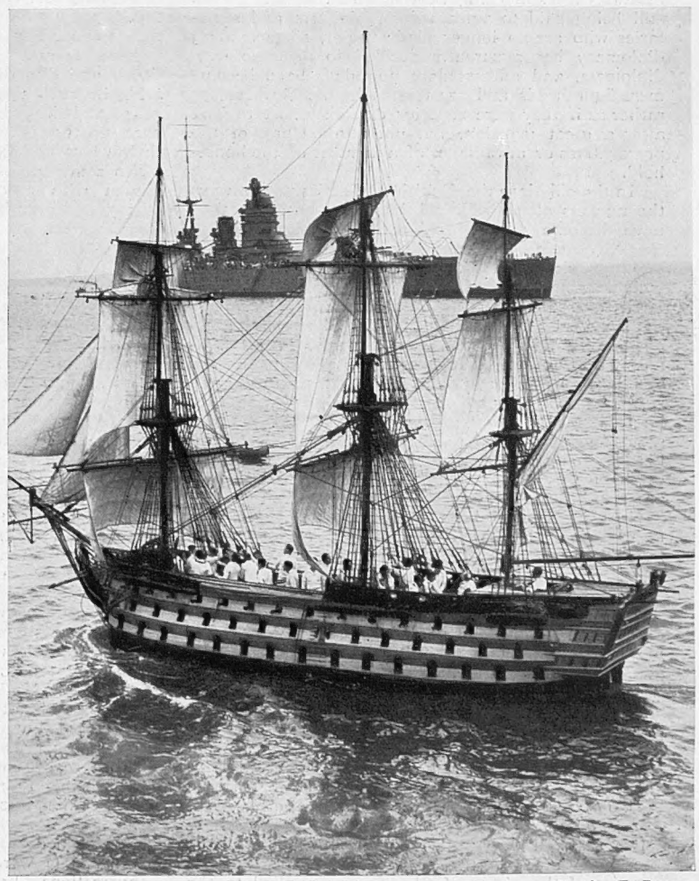






BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES: The great display of the panoply and pageantry of our naval armament at Weymouth, where it was reviewed by the King in the Royal yacht, rejoiced crowds thousands strong. *The upper picture* shows the thronged beach; *lower left* is *Victoria and Albert* at anchor among the "hearts of—steel" (taken with infra-red rays); *lower right, Victoria and Albert* is seen passing an aircraft carrier whose crew is manning the ship all in their No. 1 rig

BIG GUNS: A close-up of an anti-aircraft gun on board a warship manned by its crew as the Royal yacht steamed past. 15,000 officers and men saluted the King as he passed



Charles E. Brown

NELSON AND THE *VICTORY*: Officers from H.M.S. *Nelson* manned the model of the *Victory* at Weymouth. In the background is H.M.S. *Rodney*. A searchlight spectacle by night was a feature of the review

THE PASSING

THE CHANCERY, ST. PETERSBURG, 1913: Sir George Buchanan—whose offer of hospitality in Britain to the Tsar was, it has just been disclosed by his daughter, the author of the accompanying article, negatived by Mr. Lloyd George—is seen seated on the left

At a Moment when the Whitehall Accounts Department will be Receiving the Details of the Expenses Connected with Lausanne, the following Account of the Recent and Present Status of the Ambassador will Prove Timely Reading. These Comments are from the Pen of Meriel Buchanan, the Daughter of the Late British Ambassador in Petrograd, whose Defence of Her Father, in Connection with the Late Tsar and His Family, has Aroused so much Interest

With a certain pride and self-satisfaction in their tones our modern politicians boast of having done away with "secret diplomacy" and talk loudly and emphatically of all the evils it brought about and of the pernicious influence it has had on the well-being of the world. Many of us are, however, tempted to voice the question put by Sir Valentine Chirol in A. L. Kennedy's book, *Old and New Diplomacy*, published by John Murray. "Can anything," he asks, "be more obscure than the Open Diplomacy practised at the endless Conferences which have followed the Paris Peace Conference?" and one is tempted to add still another question, "Can anything be more extravagant?"

In these days of financial stress the cost of conferences must of necessity be tremendous, and the inviting nation, which seems to be generally England, has to defray the enormous sums which are required. It must not be forgotten, either, that all the time these vast expenses are being incurred the embassies and legations are still being kept up and that salaries are still being paid to ambassadors, ministers, and secretaries who are no longer made use of, since modern diplomacy has apparently decided to dispense with diplomats, and ambassadors nowadays have become mere figureheads and are treated by the Government rather as if they were superior caretakers, set to look after a great mansion, but not allowed any of the prerogatives or advantages of a member of the household.

In the old days the British embassies were always the nucleus of all political interests, but now they have become merely social centres for travelling English people, for the British colonies, and for certain sets in Society. It is always considered smart to be included among the guests invited by the representative of Great Britain, and the unfortunate person who has not received an invitation is branded as having no position in Society. In Paris, Rome, Warsaw, in nearly every capital in the world, the British embassies and legations still stand for this, but politically the modern ambassador counts for very little and the power he used to yield has gone for ever. He receives only scant and cursory notes from the Foreign Secretary, his despatches are read carelessly and barely commented on, his words of warning, of admonition and counsel are not listened to, and he is most likely told that advice has already been taken on the subject and that somebody has been consulted whose opinion differs from his.

Living in the country to which he is accredited and in touch with all the rapidly changing movements of internal politics, he should surely be the person most capable of judging both the temper of the people and the weaknesses and foibles of the various ministers; but Downing Street chooses to ignore this obvious fact, and British statesmen, politicians, and financiers who have perhaps no knowledge of foreign languages and have never studied the complex confusion of international politics consider themselves better able to judge the situation than the man who is on the spot.

"There were virtually," my father said in his book, *My Mission to Russia and other Diplomatic Posts*, "two Foreign Offices in Downing Street, and the precept enjoined by the Scripture with regard to our exercise of the virtue of Charity was applied to the conduct of Diplomacy. Though I was brought up in the old school of diplomacy I am not in the least biased against the methods of the new. On the contrary, I fully appreciate the many advantages which accrue from regular personal intercourse between the Allied Premiers and Foreign Ministers by means of Conferences and Supreme Councils. But an Ambassador can contribute to the success of such meetings by doing the preliminary spade-work and by endeavouring to predispose the Government to which he is accredited in favour of the policy advocated by his own Government. . . . An Ambassador can only do this if he is taken into his Government's confidence . . . if on the contrary he is kept in the dark he may, in his conversation with the Foreign Minister, give expression to views diametrically opposed to theirs."

I know that when he wrote those words he had in mind the fact that, when he was Ambassador in Rome, he was asked by the Italian Foreign Minister to accompany him to a conference being held at San Remo, but was told by the British Foreign Office that Mr. Lloyd George did not consider his presence necessary; and this is the treatment which is being meted out to all ambassadors nowadays. Matters of national importance are settled without consulting them, and directly any crisis or difficulty arises in foreign affairs a conference is convened and the Cabinet Ministers of Europe pack up their bags and, very often taking their wives and daughters with them, hurry off to some spot which seems always to be chosen with a careful consideration for climate and beautiful scenery.

One does not doubt that the work is arduous and fatiguing, but there seem to be quite a number of compensations to make up for the strain of midnight meetings and prolonged discussions. Press photographs and the British Movietone news show us groups of frock-coated gentlemen with top hats and shiny boots carefully posed against the background of sunlit sea or towering mountains. We see them standing on the steps of glittering ultra-modern hotels, getting in and out of opulent cars, chatting amiably together over large cigars. Special seats are reserved for them on the train, the best suites in the hotels are placed at their disposal, they are given luncheon parties, receptions and banquets, they hold long speeches which are duly recorded in the English papers—a fact they, needless to say, are well aware of, for it may be noticed that they are very careful never to mention anything which may offend their public at home. Doubtless it is all very pleasant, and apparently it does not seem to strike them that Cabinet Ministers, during their term of office, should not continually be going off abroad, but should rather stay at home and listen with more attention to the reports of men whose eyes and ears have been trained to miss none of the nuances and movements of international politics.

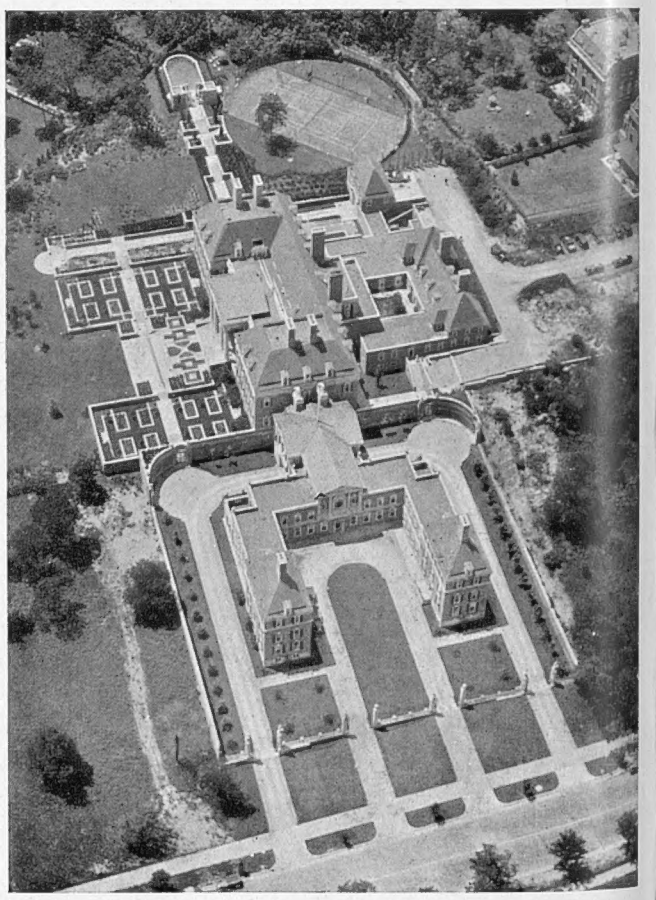
In the old days questions of national importance were settled in long private conversations between ambassadors and foreign ministers. They knew each other's weaknesses, they knew just how far it was wise to threaten and when it was necessary to use guile and persuasion. They knew their subject with all its various aspects, its problems and difficulties, and the development and effect the outcome would have on the future history of nations. No one witnessed these meetings, which were held in the Foreign Minister's private study, or, if other ministers were present, in the Council Chamber, with doors shut against stenographers and reporters; consequently, it was possible to give full attention to the matter under discussion, with no fear of an unseen public listening on the wireless, and no distractions or interruptions from a present audience. During the meetings of conferences, on the other hand, there must always be innumerable preoccupations and disturbances, while the fact of so many different nationalities presents a stumbling block to any closer understanding.

A long statement made in a language one does not understand and haltingly translated by a nervous subordinate inevitably predisposes to boredom, and perhaps the speaker has an unpleasant manner, a trick of fidgeting with his collar, of clearing his throat, of snapping his fingers. Somebody else is rustling papers, a neighbour has fallen asleep and is snoring none too gently, another is picking his teeth. The long statement has a cold reception, the most vital point has not carried owing to faulty translation, the papers print leaders that "Success is in sight, but that a definite agreement has not yet been reached," while all the time more money is being spent on entertaining the various delegates. And even between ourselves conferences do not always lead to success, for when the other day our two Ministers crawled over to Dublin Mr. Lansbury raised his usual cry, "Now we are going to get together over this sad business . . . men facing each other over the green baize cloth." High-sounding words, but there was no outcome from this meeting other than a temporary gain for Mr. de Valera.

It was part of the schooling of an old ambassador that personal feelings, likes and dislikes should never be allowed to gain the upper hand; and when he wrote *The Practice of Diplomacy*, François de Callière gave some very good advice to prospective ambassadors on this subject, and though it was given as regards the "ancien régime" diplomacy some of it might be used with advantage by modern would-be diplomats.

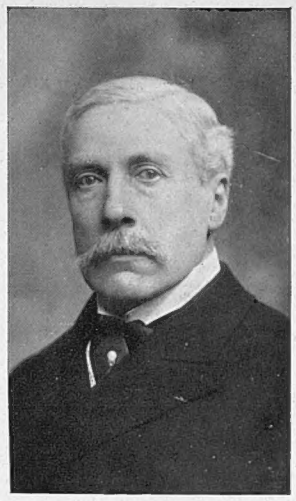
"A negotiator," he says, "must know how to suffer fools gladly . . . . He must have presence of mind to find a quick and pregnant reply even to unforeseen surprises. He must have equable humour and control to resist the longing to speak before he has really thought what he shall say."

A. L. Kennedy expresses very much the same opinion. "The successes of a diplomat are not of a spectacular sort . . . . they derive from a wise concession at one moment, from far-sighted persistence at another, they demand sleepless tact, immovable calmness, a patience that no folly, no provocation, and no blunder can shake."



"A CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD THAT IS FOR EVER ENGLAND": The new British Embassy, Washington, D.C., which, with other cognate buildings, may well be degenerating into a mere centre of social, instead of political life

OF THE AMBASSADOR



From an Accredited Representative of High Diplomacy, whose Influence on Policy was Far-reaching, the Ambassador is Rapidly Deteriorating, through a Mistaken Theory of Government, into a Mere Social Figurehead of no Political Significance

By MERIEL BUCHANAN

The new diplomacy chooses to ignore the men who have served their country in the past, it talks loudly and frequently about the mistakes that have been made, and it forgets the perseverance and wisdom with which some of the old ambassadors negotiated questions of international politics which, if handled less skilfully, might easily have led to armed intervention. It was Mr. Lloyd George, with his persistent and well-known hatred of "professional diplomats," who started this feeling of distrust and antagonism and engendered in the House of Commons, and in the country generally, a sceptical suspicion of ambassadors. "I want," he said to Prince Sixte of Bourbon when there was a question of negotiations to try and detach Austria from her allies in 1917, "I want no diplomats . . . . they are invented merely to waste time."

Mr. Lloyd George was not, I think, a great student of foreign policy, therefore he was probably unaware of some of the work which had been done by His Majesty's representatives in foreign countries, of the unceasing vigilance, the keen discrimination, the astuteness and tact which had kept the balance of power in Europe intact and so often had poured oil on the troubled waters of conflicting interests. Do some of these modern detractors of the old diplomacy remember, for instance, the admirable work done by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, or the achievements of Lord Dufferin in upholding the prestige of his position and of furthering the interests of his Government? Sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg in 1879 when Russia, exasperated by the upsetting of the Treaty of San Stefano and smarting under the terms of the Treaty of Berlin, was inclined to be bitterly resentful of any criticism and suspicious of any friendly advances, he found that his position was not an easy one; but his good looks, the brilliance of his receptions and the charm of his manner soon overcame any animosity. Socially he and Lady Dufferin were adored by everybody, and politically his tact, his integrity and firmness did a great deal to mitigate Russia's suspicions and foiled the endeavours of Bismarck to stir up dissension between her and Great Britain and France.

When he was appointed to Constantinople in 1881 he had however a still more difficult task, for here he had to deal with the irresolute, underhand, and mendacious policy of Abdul Hamid, he had to uphold the somewhat weak actions of his own Government in Egypt, and he had to bring conflicting jealousies, the greed and suspicion of his diplomatic colleagues, into accord and unison.

In writing of those days Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace pays a warm-hearted tribute to Lord Dufferin's skill and circumspection: "By a happy combination of sound judgment, resolution, and consummate tact he contrived to secure for his Government, as far as Constantinople was concerned, complete liberty of action without wounding the susceptibilities of any foreign Power, and by watchfulness, astuteness, and dexterity he successfully prevented the Turks from wriggling out of the conditions and restrictions which his Government thought necessary to impose upon them. Though often obliged to differ from his European colleagues he never created amongst them any personal hostility, and though working in an Oriental atmosphere and checkmating Oriental antagonists, he never exposed himself to the charge of trickery and unfairness."

Lord Dufferin's next post as High Commissioner in Egypt brought him further triumphs, and the conclusions and reforms he suggested were approved by the British Government and were accepted in Egypt for thirty years. As Viceroy in India and Ambassador in Rome and Paris, he continued to serve his country with consummate skill and dexterity, and when at the latter post he was accused of being violently anti-French and was suspected of having paid three million francs for the corruption of the French Press, his inimitable charm overcame the hostility engendered against him, and he silenced his detractors by a speech in which he boldly made allusion to the calumny, and humorously deplored the fact that the only money he had spent since he had been in Paris had gone to the butcher, the grocer, and the dressmaking establishments.

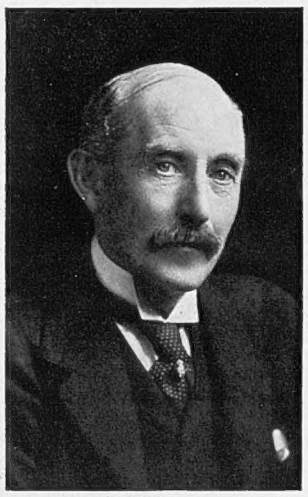
LORD DUFFERIN, whose conduct in the Petersburg of the 'eighties brought to nought the efforts of Bismarck to foment dissension between Russia, France, and Great Britain

Sir Arthur Nicolson, created the first Lord Carnock, was another of the old diplomatists whose services were considered invaluable and far-reaching in their results. After having been Minister in Tangier and in Madrid he was appointed as chief British delegate at the conference of Algeciras in January 1906, and it was chiefly owing to his courage, his undeviating firmness and scrupulous adherence to duty that Germany did not get what she wanted and that the agreement was finally signed on April 2. "Je vous assure que cet homme sait ce qu'il veut et qu'on s'en apercevra à la Conférence," the correspondent of the *Temps* wrote in describing one of the first sittings at Algeciras.

The Franco-Russian Alliance had been drawn up in 1895, the Triple Alliance of the Central Powers had been renewed for six years in 1891, and at the outbreak of the war in the Transvaal, England found herself alone in her "splendid isolation" with the whole of Europe against her. In January 1902, her Alliance with Japan was completed, and on April 8, 1904, the Entente with France was signed. Meanwhile, war had broken out between Russia and Japan, and the same year Sir Charles Hardinge was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg with instructions to improve Anglo-Russian relations. The feeling in Russia was violently anti-British at the time; they could not forgive England her sympathy with Japan, and the attitude of the British Press caused constant outbreaks of resentment and anger. The embassy was practically boycotted by Society, and even politically, Sir Charles Hardinge found himself received coldly and with veiled animosity. His tenacity and able diplomacy succeeded, however, in maintaining British prestige to such an extent that, when Sir Arthur Nicolson was appointed ambassador in 1906, he found the way paved for an agreement between the two great Powers.

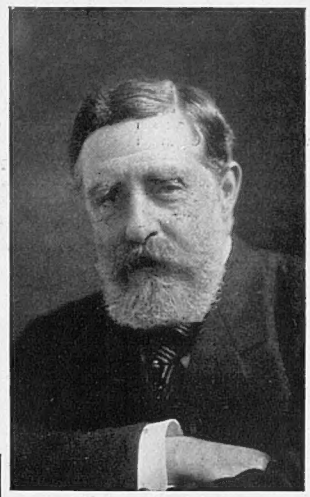
Lafayette

SIR CHARLES HARDINGE (Lord Hardinge of Penshurst), who made possible the Anglo-Russian rapprochement after the tragic Russo-Japanese War



SIR ARTHUR NICOLSON (Lord Carnock) was largely responsible for Germany's coming to heel at Algeciras in 1906, where his firmness proved invaluable

There were, however, still difficulties which needed patience and perseverance, and when the first Duma was dissolved and a bitter attack was made against the Tsar in the *Times*, Sir Arthur was placed in a very difficult position. So strained did relations indeed become that the British Government urged the ambassador to suspend negotiations. Many other men would have been only too glad to have given in to adverse circumstances, but in his frail body Sir Arthur had an indomitable spirit.



SIR EDWARD GOSCHEN (Lord Goschen), whose courage and skill in Austria and Berlin were in evidence both during the Bulgarian *coup d'état* and the Agadir crisis

SIR FRANCIS BERTIE (Lord Bertie), whose brilliant tenure of the Paris Embassy saved untold suffering during the Moroccan crisis and the fall of Delcassé

He induced the Government to continue, and at last, on August 31, 1907, the three chief points of friction—Persia, Tibet, and Afghanistan—were successfully adjusted, and the agreement between England and Russia was signed.

Sir Arthur Nicolson had made himself universally beloved in St. Petersburg, and when in 1909 he was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, my father, who succeeded him in St. Petersburg, found that the relations between the two Governments were cordial and friendly, although the conflicting interests in Persia still needed an unceasing vigilance, and the question one that threatened at any moment to become critical.

In 1908, when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, Sir Edward Goschen was still Ambassador in Vienna. When the news of Austria's action was made public Sir Edward asked Aehrenthal, the Foreign Minister, whether he had any knowledge of the rumours regarding the Declaration of Bulgarian Independence. Aehrenthal replied that he knew nothing; but when later the fact became clear to Goschen that King Ferdinand had arranged his *coup d'état* to synchronize with the Austrian action, he had the courage to accuse Aehrenthal of having lied to him in front of several witnesses. This same unflinching courage stood him in good stead and was characteristic of his policy in Berlin. His steadfastness and tact helped to smooth matters during the stormy days of the Agadir crisis, and when war finally broke out he faced both the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister with firm admonition of their action in violating the neutrality of Belgium, and never wavered, even though a furious mob made an onslaught on the embassy.

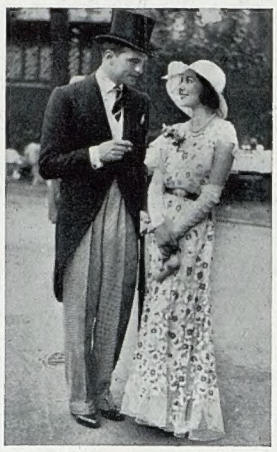
Sir Francis Bertie had been appointed Ambassador to Paris in 1905 soon after the Entente had been made. His smiling and equable coolness prevented the French losing their heads during the Moroccan crisis and his influence served to avert a panic when Delcassé fell and was succeeded by the pro-German financier, Caillaux. Bertie, however, refused to have any dealings with Caillaux and conducted all his business with the Foreign Minister.

It would, perhaps, be advisable for some of our politicians to study history before they decree that the advice of ambassadors need not be listened to. There is no doubt that the old-fashioned methods of diplomacy would no longer be possible in the modern age of speed, of long-distance telephones, wireless, and loud speakers, but one cannot help regretting that American business methods have so stringently commercialized a service of which the Americans themselves were always secretly jealous, for in the old days they felt themselves at a discount owing to the permanence and standing of our ambassadorial system as compared with their own shifting policy and haphazard form of diplomacy. How jealous they were is indeed shown by an amusing incident I remember when an American Ambassador in St. Petersburg, unable any more to stand the insignificance of his black tail coat and white tie, in the midst of the gorgeousness of the other diplomats, secretly copied the uniform of a British ambassador and appeared at the next official function an almost exact counterpart of my father.

In time, perhaps, the ambassador with his power of making and unmaking treaties, his facility of saying the right thing at the right moment, his courtesy and tact and knowledge will pass away completely and the affairs of the world will always be arranged, or perhaps disarranged, at conferences. But now with Ottawa looming before us, where every inflection of the voice will be understood and where the common cause of the future of the Empire will inspire every delegate, one can only hope that there will be no more delays, misunderstandings, and procrastinations, but that the outcome may benefit Great Britain and bring a new prosperity to a world tottering on the edge of financial ruin.

THE HEAT WAVE

SAVING HIMSELF A (SOLAR) WIGGING: The Lord Mayor's coachman does a little unveiling at an unveiling ceremony outside the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great



LORDS—AND LADIES: Ostrich feathers curled into the mode once again at Lord's, as may be seen on the left. On the right is Mr. John Loder with the Hon. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton

VENICE-ON-THAMES: Last Monday, at the climax of the heat wave, various areas of London caught a cloudburst. Among them was London Road, Norbury, which was flooded to a depth of 3 ft.

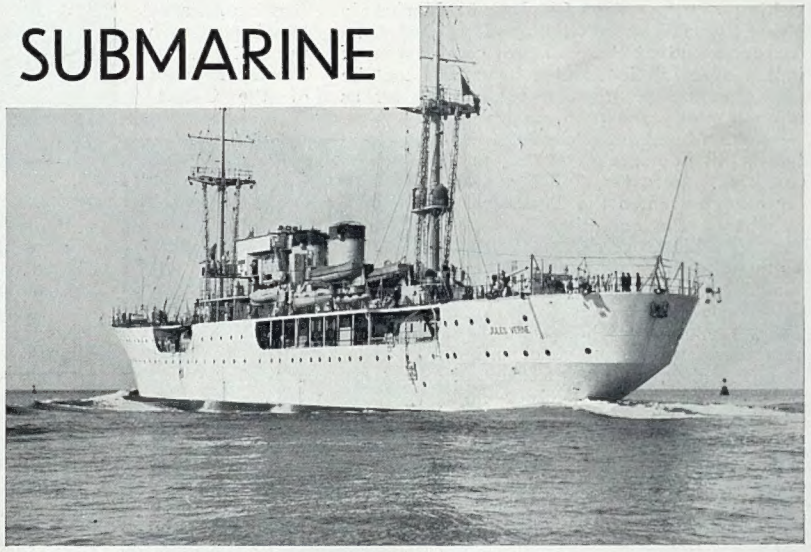
IN "DIVERS" CLOTHES! Commendatore Quaglia, of the *Artiglio*, with Signora Quaglia at the House of Commons, where a Government reception was held in his honour

WHO CARES FOR MRS. GRUNDY? A quartette of varying ages, half glimpsed in Trafalgar Square, half in Morden High Street, which wisely dressed by climate and not by convention

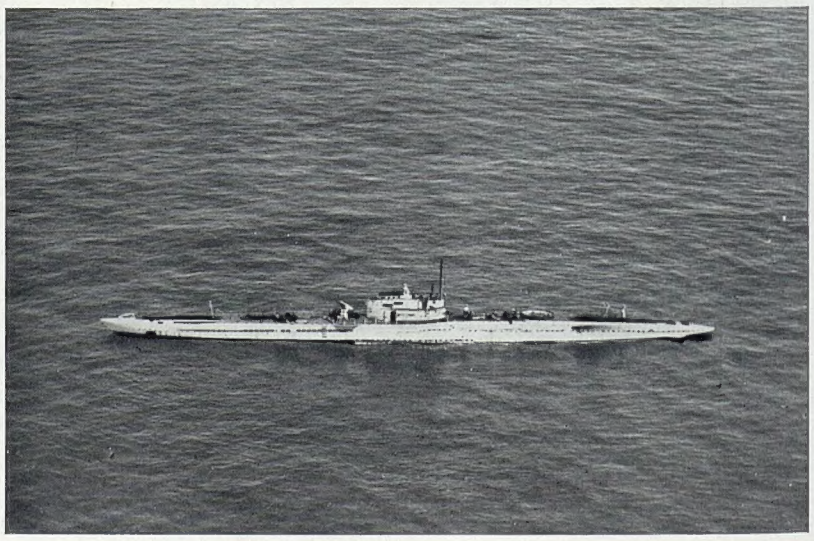
HIGH BOOTS were the order of the day at Bisley, high hats at Lord's, during the heat wave. Miss Gwen Spencer is seen receiving advice from another member of the Canadian team

THE FRENCH SUBMARINE

DIVING FOR HUMAN TREASURE: The *Artiglio* sped to the scene of the submarine *Prométhée's* sinking—a few miles to the east of Cherbourg—and endeavoured to salve the ill-fated sailors with the same brilliance as that with which they have salved gold from the *Egypt*—but, unhappily, without avail



TO THE RESCUE: The mother-ship *Jules Verne*, in company with the *Artiglio*, the *Rostro*, and various seaplanes, hastened to the place of the tragedy of the *Prométhée*. Heroic efforts were of no avail, taps on the hull evoking no response



A SUBMARINE GUARDS THE SCENE OF TRAGEDY where the *Prométhée* sank with sixty-two men on board. The disaster occurred seven miles north of Cape Levi, the vessel sinking in 150 ft. of water. As in the case of the ill-starred *M 2*, no definite cause has, as yet, been ascribed to the calamity

A COLOUR CAMERA IN TURKESTAN

A YOUNG TURKI GIRL OF KASHGAR: The young women of this race are usually attractive and slim, but their charms seldom survive marriage, when too much food and too much work combine to ruin their appearance

A PAINTED CHINESE ACTOR in a native morality play. Troops of these actors visit Turkestan and are greeted by the Chinese officials and traders as a welcome breath of the home they have left—a home where such theatricals are popular

A Mappa (the local edition of the Pekin cart) in front of the Chinese Temple, Kashgar Old City. This is the common conveyance of China which has been introduced by the Chinese who never travel in roadless country by any other conveyance if they can possibly avoid it

RECORDED in COLOUR by an AMATEUR

The pictures on this page show the latest development of modern photography. No longer, for some time, have travellers needed to be content with ordinary still pictures, for motion picture cameras for amateurs have been well established; and to-day, thanks to the Finlay Process (colour photography) it is now possible for the traveller, and the occasional user of the camera, to bring back colour records of what he has seen, with the success shown above

THE MOST DIGNIFIED OF SEA-BIRDS: A gannet poses for the camera. Exquisite in black and white with dreamy eyes of blue, and lemon necks, they are cruel even to their own kind and, when placed near penguins, are exclusive to a degree

THE GANNETRY OF ICHABOE ISLAND: In the breeding season six million of these sea-birds, materializing from no-one knows where to the north, pack themselves in orderly lines within the quarter square mile of Ichaboe

THE ISLAND OF STORMS: A scene on the coast of Ichaboe Island. In the foreground is a typical gannet (known alternatively as the solan goose or booby) of which some six million occupy the island at certain seasons

A CARPET OF BIRDS: Some of the millions of gannets or solan geese on Ichaboe Island show a marked indifference to the photographer! Certain tracks between the serried ranks are left by the birds themselves with almost military precision

GANNETS and GUANO

An Impression of Mister Milo and Ichaboe Island

It was early morning when we reached Ichaboe. The coaster in which I am voyaging round South-west Africa lay off Shark Island in Luderitzbucht the night before. Our anchors were up before dawn, and we crept northward along the desert coast in the dim half light. Three hours' sail brought us to Ichaboe.

It lay in the morning sunlight, just a grey blotch in the sea. From its low rocks a score of crosses jutted into the lighter grey that was the sky. On a dozen reefs around it Atlantic combers crumpled up in frothy whiteness. They were like giant feather boas tumbled by draughts over a floor of green malachite.

A South African tricolour dipped in salute on the island's masthead as our windlass rattled. But this was all the recognition we had from the islanders that day. Great seas were racing to the rocks, and a heavy swell swung the coaster into a rocking-horse's stride. The men ashore dared not risk the 300 yards' passage to the ship.

Ichaboe is a storm-ravaged island. Rough seas lash the blinders around it whenever the wind springs up, and sometimes ten days pass before the islanders can put out a boat. I saw the tell-tale sign of the sea's fury on the water: suds of whipped foam, thick and woolly as the back of an unsheared sheep.

On the second morning we lay off Ichaboe I met Milo for the first time. Milo, an Italian and the only white man on the island, is in charge of the island, on which he has lived for twenty-eight years—Signor Emilio Barbieri is his real name—and its population of 6,000,000 gannets which last year produced 37,000 bags of guano fertilizer for South Africa's farmers. He works under the Guano Islands Department, so his job must be the strangest in the Civil Service—Governor of Gannet City, and chief seal-hunter to the Union of South Africa. I had heard tales of him in West African ports, tales of his strength, of his personality, of his lonely exile on Ichaboe, and I was not disappointed in the man himself.

He came aboard, a massively-built man of average height. His face is lined and tanned by exposure to Atlantic winds and desert sun; these, too, have touched with a lighter tint the black of his heavy moustache, but left unbronzed the bristling brows and the greying hair.

His clothes were such as any old shellback might wear: blue jersey, leather jerkin, oilskins, and rough canvas shoes.

Milo was troubled. The seas were running too strongly for the loading of guano in small boats, and he foresaw delay; and each day wasted costs the Government 50 guineas in charter fees alone. After spending a few minutes aboard he returned to the island in his whaleboat.

It was a journey more risky than his passage out to the ship. The coaster's crew watched him as he directed his oarsmen. The whaleboat backed for a moment, quite close inshore, while breakers crashed on the rocks around it.

Then Milo heaved prodigiously on the steering sweep, the oars struck the water, and the whaleboat leapt through a narrow, tumbling channel on the crest of a comber. Two score Cape coloured boys were waiting to haul the boat from the water's edge on to the little stony beach.

There was little work done that morning, and for four days after we lay at anchor. The coaster rode a southerly swell and chopped over short northerly seas.

But on the fourth day we woke to a glorious morning.

I went ashore in a "flatboom," one of the shallow-bottomed boats used to lighter guano from the shore. I scrambled on to the first rung of a ladder lowered down a wooden chute, and was hauled up to the end of a concrete jetty.

There were only a few hundred gannets on Ichaboe when I arrived, but when they return from their winter "tour," there will be 6,000,000 birds packed on to the quarter square mile that is the island. Where this great cavalcade of gannets is hidden now is a mystery. Nobody seems to know where they go when the winter comes. They disappear into the North, and they return from the North.

One day there will scarcely be a bird on the island; that night, if you sleep in one of the huts, you may be awakened by the whirring of wings: a weird sound, in the silence and darkness, as though all the moths in the world were hovering around a non-existent candle.

And next morning the island will be white to the water's edge, as though snow had fallen.

They are noble-looking birds, the gannets. Their bodies are the intense white of paint newly squeezed from the tube on to the palette; their wings are tipped with black; their heads and necks have the sheen of pale lemon silk; their beaks are powder blue.

But the most interesting feature of the gannet is his eyes. They are a pale, dreamy blue, and about them are triangular black patches, rather like eccentric spectacles.

I would not dare to compare them with the "black eyes" of the music-hall comedian; the gannet is far too dignified for that. He gazes at you superciliously, with his swan's neck proudly arched.

I always think of penguins as fat old gentlemen slightly intoxicated with their own dignity; the gannets, their neighbours on these islands, are like the dandies of the Regency. I felt, as they looked at me, that they should have had black patches about one eye only; it only needs the illusion of a monocle for their regard to touch the pinnacle of disdain.

They are cruel, these birds, as well as proud. In the breeding season they are packed shoulder to shoulder, each in its own selected few inches. Little pathways about nine inches wide divide the mass of birds—little public roads which seem to be left clear by tacit agreement.

If a bird wanders from its own home-site it is unmolested by the others—provided it keeps to these paths. But the moment it leaves the track it is stabbed by the sharp beaks of those it disturbs.

There is no mothering of the young gannets by foster parents. If a young penguin is left an orphan others are always willing to drop a sardine into its gaping gullet. But the gannets will not act the Good Samaritan. They would sooner kill the young of a missing cousin than feed it.

The gannets are wonderful fishermen. A skein of them will drive a shoal of fish right into the shallow water around the island. Then they will drop down, straight as a plummet, in one breath-taking plunge at their prey.

You can see these citizens of Gannet City when you are miles away at sea. They hover over Ichaboe like a huge swarm of flies. Nearer you see them as a flurrying maelstrom of white, a tempestuous cloud shattered by some terrible storm.

There are very few penguins on Ichaboe. They seem to be unwelcome guests among the gannets. They have not the detached, monarchical air they wear at Possession, their stronghold.

Here is a curious item from Nature's notebook: when breeding flats, for gannets and penguins lie side by side, each tribe of birds sits with its collective back turned to the other; a community "cold shoulder," as it were.

I found relics of Ichaboe's exciting history as I walked about the island.

On the highest point, about 75 ft. above the sea, a tall mast stands. It must be fully 70 ft. high, and it marks the height of the guano deposits when the first ship came to loot its phosphate wealth.

Near the bottom of the mast I saw that a board had once been nailed to it: and I found this board, carefully preserved, on the wall of one of the huts.

It was the official notice that Britain's flag had been hoist on Ichaboe. It read:

"This island of Ichaboe is this day taken possession of, for and in the name of Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Victoria, as a Dependency of the Cape of Good Hope. Signed, Oliver J. Jones, Captain, H.B.M.S. Furious, 21st June, 1861. All claims to rights of Soil or Territory to be made to the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. God Save the Queen."

Carel Birkby.

ELEPHANT SEAL

Excerpts from the Report by L. Harrison Matthews of the Discovery Committee

The scientific achievements of the Discovery Antarctic Expedition are now being published in monograph form. Presented by Walter Lewis at the Cambridge University Press, the report on the Elephant Seal is a fascinating study, extracts and illustrations from which appear on this page. A further volume has just appeared.

Elephant seal, the largest of their race, in countless thousands make the shores of South Georgia their home during the southern summer. They are away at sea all the winter, and at the approach of Spring they commence to haul out to breed on the beaches, where they congregate in rookeries, staying ashore for months on end. They are exceedingly slothful and unwieldy animals, the bulls being very much larger than the cows and provided with a fleshy inflatable proboscis which hangs down over the mouth. The cows have no proboscis but they are able to inflate the nostrils, producing a swelling and puckering of the skin of the nose. Elephant seals are polygamous, each bull gathering a harem of cows, which he jealously guards from his rivals. After the breeding season is over they return to the sea for several weeks and then haul out again and spend two months on the land, whilst the hair is shed and a new coat is grown.

Beneath the skin of the elephant seal there is a layer of blubber so thick that when moving on the land "the whole body trembles like a bag of jelly." It is the presence of this blubber that has caused the elephant seal to be hunted nearly to extinction in many of its former haunts. . . .

At South Georgia the hunting was formerly so intense that by 1885 elephant seals were practically extinct. After this date the island was not worked for some years, so that the seal increased in numbers till at the present time they are probably as numerous as ever. The hunting is now regulated by Government, so that there is no risk of their ever being exterminated again. . . .

At birth the cry of the pups is a shrill staccato barking, very much like that of a dog puppy, but this gradually changes, so that by the time they are a month old the cry is very much deeper and harsher. At this age they start to get the voice characteristic of the adult, and when excited raise up their heads and attempt to roar like their parents; but at first they are able to produce nothing but a hissing sound in the throat. When slightly older they can produce a rattle in the throat, which gradually deepens to the proper roar as they get larger, though even at the end of the season it is still comparatively feeble. . . .

The pups do not have any very definite time for leaving their mothers, but roughly it is about the time that the coat change is half completed. When they leave them they congregate in batches of as many as twenty or more; many join these bands before the coat change is complete, yet on the other hand a number have been observed still suckling after the coat change was complete. When they leave the mothers they do not immediately take to the water, but lie around sleeping on the beaches or playing in the streams of fresh water or in the shallow water near the shore. . . .

The harems are formed by the cows hauling out in bunches to give birth to their pups, as mentioned above, and later these groups are annexed by the bulls. When a number of harems lie close to each other on the beach they are collectively termed a "rookery." The number of cows in the harem depends on the strength and activity of the bull and his ability to keep away other bulls. As many as thirty cows have been observed in one harem but a smaller number is the rule, from a dozen to twenty, though some bulls have to content themselves with two or three only. The bulls in adjacent harems are continually fighting over the possession of the cows, and driving away the bachelor bulls

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A SMALL HAREM OF ELEPHANT SEAL: A bull with four cows and their pups. A bachelor bull watches the harem from the water. The backs of the cows and pups are sprinkled with the sand they throw up. The head and neck of the central cow show well the light-coloured scars caused by the bites of the bull, while the neck and back of the bull are covered with the scars of wounds received in fighting. Notice the wet patch on the side of the bull's face, due to tears streaming from his eyes

A NEWLY-BORN ELEPHANT SEAL PUP AND ITS MOTHER: A portion of the attached umbilical cord can be seen below the abdomen of the pup

ELEPHANT SEAL PUPS that have sunk into a depression in the snow, melted by the heat of their bodies. The adults are bulls and cows, but the young are not calves but pups

AN ENRAGED BULL ELEPHANT SEAL ROARING and rearing up on the hind part of the body. In roaring, the bull throws back his head, inflates his proboscis and, with mouth widely open, produces a succession of loud expiratory bellows in the throat. Particles of saliva and phlegm are exhaled during the roar

TWO BULL ELEPHANT SEAL FIGHTING: They rarely, if ever, give each other mortal injuries, but they often wound each other severely. Wounds are usually inflicted on the eyes, leading to acute conjunctivitis or loss of the eye. Wounds nearly always suppurate badly

A COW ELEPHANT SEAL breathing through one nostril only—a big cavity clearly visible

A MOULTING BULL ELEPHANT SEAL: Notice the old hair coming off in patches

A MANNEQUIN PARADE ON THE RIVER: Miss Spilsbury (right), daughter of the Home Office pathologist, and a friend act as mannequins on the Show Boat

LONDON—THE

The Great Capital Becomes ever Increasingly of Amusement, ever More

By CHARLES

If any final proof were needed that London is now an almost entirely foreign city and that its inhabitants are as cosmopolitan as those of New York, it was provided by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" when the *Graf Zeppelin* flew off home to Lake Constance a few days ago from Hanworth Aerodrome. Admittedly large numbers of Germans were in the cheering crowds, but few Germans know "Auld Lang Syne." Yet it was the people of London, for whom the shape of these vast dirigibles had the most sinister meaning a few short years ago. It was on London that the Zeppelins concentrated. It was London that was bombed so regularly. And yet it was the Londoners who cheered *Graf Zeppelin*. Personally I am all in favour of this burying of the hatchet. Hate is too exhausting an emotion. But it is an extraordinary sign of the times that Londoners can behave like Berliners.

All around you there are signs of the Continentalization of London. Probably it is due in part to the enormous increase in the number of people who listen-in to the foreign broadcasting stations. If you hear the same foxtrot which you heard in Piccadilly being played from Hamburg or Bukarest, there must automatically be some friendly feeling towards the orchestra and the people who are applauding it—unless, of course, the tune is being murdered. The increase in foreign travel is evidently another factor in the case. In these days of escorted tours, a fortnight's holiday on the Continent is within the reach of everybody in the South. Northerners have to reckon with the extra cost of the railway journey to and from Folkestone or Dover, which is so out of proportion to the rest of the holiday that they usually decide in favour of Blackpool, Scarborough, or the Isle of Man. Besides the Northerners have not been prosperous during the past few years, while the slump has not really affected the Southerners—and particularly the Londoners. So they have been travelling abroad, acquiring with native ingenuity all kinds of foreign habits as well as foreign tolerance.

London is such a tolerant city nowadays. It tolerates manners, modes, and merrymaking in a truly Parisian way. Every year it grows more Continental and less like the rest of England.

"Thank goodness," say the Londoners.
"Thank goodness," says the rest of England.

Until the beginning of this year I had never stopped off at any large industrial centre in Great Britain. I was woefully ignorant of its holiday resorts too. I had never been to Ireland. I had never been to Scotland. Birmingham and Liverpool, Harrogate and York and Nottingham were closed books to me. I had always lived in London and gone for my holidays on the Continent or to Harlech in North Wales for my golf. Frankly, I am astounded at the difference between the rest of the country and London. The standard of living, the standard of hotels, the time you get up, lunch, dine, go to the theatre, or go to bed are all so entirely different. They say in Lancashire that what Lancashire thinks to-day London will think some months later. To me the rest of Great Britain is at least fifteen years behind London. Local borough councils throw their weight about and behave in a perfectly tyrannical manner. That, of course, is just as well, because somebody has got to work in this country, and if there are restrictions on amusements people will automatically work if only to kill time.

By the same token, it is just as well that London is becoming so foreign, because London has the opportunity of becoming the greatest pleasure city in the world. And that involves hard work too, and brings an immense amount of prosperity to this country in the shape of foreign visitors. Its rapid development in this direction will also mean that the provincials will think twice before going to Paris to have their fling, when London is nearly as foreign as France. For, with the exception of casinos and another highly Latin kind of establishment, London can provide almost everything that Paris or Berlin can offer. And the time may come where a far-seeing legislation will allow London a local option in licensing hours and gambling concessions that will make the Continent totally unnecessary for everyone except those who want to look at foreign cathedral cities.

But let us look into the foreignization of London, if I may coin the word, which seems to increase with every week. Why, it has already reached such a pitch that we are beginning to imitate the foreigners and wear our own Luton straw hats! The time may come when we may even reach the barbaric point of wearing them with our dinner jackets like the French and the Americans. For the films are an all-powerful factor in the situation, and fashion after fashion is started by stars like Maurice Chevalier. No American talkie, however, will teach Smart London to dine at the ghastly hour of 7.30 p.m. or even 7 p.m. as in the U.S. For here we have taken our foreign culture from the Spaniards. It is an old Spanish custom never to dine before 9.30, and seldom before 10.30. In private houses in London people still dine at 8.15 and 8.30. But when they give dinner parties the time is usually 8.45 at the earliest. As for dining in restaurants and clubs, you will look remarkably silly if you appear with your party at the Embassy before 9.45, because you will be the only people present for at least twenty minutes. In a provincial city there would be real horror on the faces of the waiters and waitresses if you arrived at that hour, while the domestic servants would probably leave en masse if you dined at home later than 8 o'clock.

It is the French casinos which are responsible for the platinum and diamond jewellery which is worn so much by smart Londoners. A few years ago it was bad form to wear anything more showy than pearl necklaces and rings. To-day young women of good family swathe their arms up to their elbows in these trinkets, a frank imitation of the French cocotte. Débutantes paint their finger-nails scarlet. Post-débutantes treat even their toe-nails in this way. Conversation is as daring as that of any French farce. You never know what girls are going to say next, or do next. This, of course, is out-heroding Herod. For in Paris the girl of good family is more closely chaperoned than anywhere else in the world. She must wait until she is married before she can have her lovers and go to questionable places. In London débutantes are taken to cabarets where the *doubles entendres* surprise even hard-boiled New Yorkers. London has the reputation now of providing the most indecent lyrics sung in public of any city in the world.

Americans will tell you that while our plays are absurdly moral and our chorus girls are over-dressed and our imported films are cut to a laughable degree, nobody in New York would dare to sing the lyrics that you can hear nightly at various restaurants off Piccadilly. Londoners are still only in the process of sloughing the skin of Quakerism, and so the Bordelle scene in *The Dubarry* caused a wave of excitement on the first night. "How could it have passed the censor?" asked the critics. And yet dramatic critics of course are such hypocrites that some wit has already named them "dramatic hypocritics."

The Dubarry is an instance in another way of the Continentalization of London. It is a translation and adaptation from the German, like *Helen*, *The Miracle*, *Casanova*, *White Horse Inn*, and practically all our recent spectacular plays and musical comedies except *Cavalcade*. In the restaurants, where we do not have our own singers of improper songs, the entertainment is provided by Russian diseuses or Spanish guitarists. Jokes in French are readily understood, and at least half-a-dozen tango orchestras are employed in London. What is more, the English dance to their music—a thing they never did in the past.

As to food, London is so foreign now that if you order roast beef you have to make a special request for the horse-radish sauce, and there is not a single first-class restaurant in London which serves that most admirable vegetable—the broad bean. It is too English, I suppose. Cabbage is equally difficult to obtain, and how often have you been able to find vegetable marrow—another favourite of mine—on the menu? Too English again. Simpson's-in-the-Strand, of course, is a very honourable exception, and its roast saddle of mutton, its cabbage, and its baked potatoes are world-famous. As to liquor, Smart London drinks hocks and moselles in a way that it never did before. Champagne has always been an English taste, but the increase in the taste for lager is another sign of the times.

HIKING is largely an importation from Germany and has spread like wild fire through hitherto insular Britain

Englishmen have always been accused of taking their pleasures sadly. That is no longer true. Women smile at their companions when they dance and dine. Bored faces are far

Sasha

CAFE LIFE is taking a great hold on the metropolis, although discountenanced elsewhere. "The Blue Train Grill" recalls many of the freak resorts of foreign capitals

Sasha

BOITE AUX MATELOTS: Ciro's recently blossomed forth into a highly specialized form of *decor* following the French fashion of creating an atmosphere alien to an ordinary supper resort, in this case a fishing village

MODERN COSMOPOLIS

Continental in Manners, ever More Productive Insouciant in Atmosphere

GRAVES

more seldom seen. The Café Royal is rather Bloomsbury, I admit. But the Café Royal has always been English except in its name. Speaking generally, this Continentalization is not always for the best. For a hundred years the straight left was a prerogative of the English boxer. To-day if you go to the Albert Hall or the White City for the big fights promoted by a foreigner (Jeff Dickson), you find that the Englishmen hook and clinch and crouch, and it is the Germans and the French who show a straight left and box in the old English way. Spectators at every form of sport are becoming far too Continental in their comments and behaviour. At the 'Varsity match last week partizans of Oxford applauded jeeringly the dreary tactics of the Cambridge batsmen on the first day. They derided Ratcliffe continuously. Their excuse, perhaps, would be that they were applauding the series of maiden overs. But they were not. And that is not cricket.

ROOF GARDEN LIFE—here is a glimpse of Berkeley Court—has many manifestations in London

In my article on Wimbledon last week I quoted Captain Wakelam on the unsporting behaviour of the crowds, though the gallant Captain blamed the women. In prize fights there is too much of the lust for blood-letting among the attendances of 1932, and the unfortunate Carnera has never been given a fair show. Previously, Gains had never been given the applause and encouragement that were his due in his fights with McCorkindale. Much more revolting is the behaviour of people who should know better than to rush to the Old Bailey to see a pretty woman in the agony of being tried for her life. That is certainly un-English. The titterings in Court were unworthy of any country in the world. A love of morbidity and exhibitionism seem to go together, and they are becoming increasingly evident. Debutantes hire press-agents in the best New York manner. Tolerance can go too far. But in other ways it is admirable. Look at our London Lido in Hyde Park. No foreigner would have believed it possible five years ago. But there is still only one restaurant that I know of in London where there are tables and chairs on the pavement, though that is partly because our pavements are narrower than those in foreign cities.

THE CULT OF THE SNACK is growing apace, replacing the formal dinner, until now a cardinal feature of London life. With the Continentalization of the town comes a similar process in the food

Hiking is another form of sport which has been taken from Germany, where it is a national institution, with hikers' hostels in every city. Cigarette smoking as opposed to the traditional pipe is another sign of the times, despite the efforts of Mr. Baldwin. The noisiness of London now equals that of any city in the world. Our motor cars have not yet adopted the high pitched screams of the French taxis, but there are a number of French horns on English cars.

Our sense of humour is growing rapidly foreign. Mothers-in-law have disappeared from the repertoires of even the oldest music-hall artists. Red-nosed comedians are giving place to more polished types in London. In the provinces they still keep their popularity. In the provinces, too, people still live in houses. London is rapidly becoming a city of apartments, with central heating, and all the lack of responsibility that flats involve. Fewer and fewer people go to church. Cinemas are open on Sundays, and the greatest efforts have been made to have the theatres open also. Young men send young women orchids before taking them out to dinner—a habit that used to be sneered at wholeheartedly by men who professed and called themselves Englishmen. Liqueurs and brandy are drunk much more. Port must be feeling the draught. Small cheeses wrapped up in silver paper are ousting the big old-fashioned slabs of country cheese. Men pay women compliments in a charming way that they would not have dreamed of doing before. Women dress infinitely more smartly. They have learnt from the French and the Americans the importance of neat shoes and hair and silk stockings to make themselves presentable. You can see platinum blondes right and left. Real blondes are dying out. The famous English complexion is made exotic and much more attractive by lipstick and rouge. Even our crime is getting foreign with smash and grab raids in the best American manner, and outbreaks in prison like the Dartmoor affair.

THE BLUE TRAIN GRILL in Stratton Street is one of the most popular of the new freak cafés which base their primary appeal on novelty and "difference." Signor Autori, the distinguished singer-caricaturist, is seen with M. Sovrani

English justice fortunately remains the same, and so do our English policemen. They do not carry knob-kerries like the French or wear pince-nez like some of those I have seen in Brussels. But they remain a small island on a sea of foreign waves. Our men wear American-looking horn-rimmed spectacles. Lorgnettes are dying out. We follow the Americans in using steel-shafted golf clubs. In the streets—and I do not mean Soho—we hear French and German and Italian spoken on all sides. Most of the big stores have linguists to assist foreign clients. Our smartest restaurants all have foreign names—Quaglino's, Boulestin's, Malmaison, Monseigneur, Bellometti's, and the like. Brown's hotel is run by the Bonns of Switzerland. They had a Swiss referee in the Thil-Harvey fight. The most popular girl this season is Mlle Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, the daughter of the Brazilian Ambassador. The final of the Diamond Sculls was contested by two Germans. If you go into Hyde Park you will see dachshunds, French poodles, Maltese bulldogs, schnausers, and boxers. You will also see Scotties and Cairns, but where are the bull-terriers and bulldogs and sheep-dogs and Airedales? Not in London.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE BOATER is due almost as much to M. Chevalier as to the scions of our Royal House

Yes, London grows daily more Continental. Many more front doors are brightly coloured. Many more houses have pretty window-boxes. There is far less reserve. People are much franker about their private affairs. They talk to one another more readily without introductions. Life is much less dignified and also less dreary. After dinner there is almost as likely to be a table of *chemin de fer* as there is of bridge. They would not know what it was all about in the North. Londoners talk faster and with more gestures than they used to do. They use more extravagant endearments in their conversation. Men's suits are more waisted. Women's dresses are lower cut. Effeminacy is not regarded with such extreme distaste. Improper gramophone records are on sale quite openly in various parts of London. Despite Lord Byng's raids on the night clubs, Londoners keep their parties going until all hours of the morning. Rudeness is disappearing fast. Charming white lies have taken their place with true Gallic chivalry.

In the rest of England life has altered little in the past few years. There is a single night club in Edinburgh, none in Dublin, and none anywhere else—of any consequence. You go to the theatre at the time when you would not have started dressing in London. After the theatre there is nothing to do except go to bed, unless you have a cup of coffee at some railway hotel just before it closes its restaurant. And I am talking of the big cities too. How often do you see a dart board or a shove halfpenny board in a London public-house? You find them everywhere in the provinces. Yet dart boards and shove halfpenny are as essentially English as our climate. In the North they still use tablecloths at dinner. In London you seldom see them in private houses. Persian rugs and parquet flooring are seldom seen out of London, where they are as common as in Paris. In the provinces the cooking is English. In London it is cosmopolitan, with foreign sauces and foreign dishes. In the provinces people are still inclined to be uncompromising, and in many parts of the country golf is not allowed on Sundays. Sunday Best is an English phrase that has no meaning in London at all to-day. In the provinces the hotels may arrange a concert for Sunday night. In London you can dance, Sabbath or no Sabbath.

If a man wore a soft black hat in the North he would be stared at like a man in a morning coat in St. Moritz. In London it attracts no attention whatever. The truth is that Southerners, whatever their nationality, are almost invariably more tolerant, charming, and easy to live with. You can compare the North of Ireland with the South; the Highlands with the Lowlands; the Bavarian with the Prussian; the Walloon with the Fleming; the Southerner and the North American; the Southern Spaniard and the Southern Italian with their compatriots from the North and find how true this is from your own experience. Perhaps the only exceptions are the Austrians—all of whom are delightful.

When, in addition, the Southerner lives in a capital city like London, you can be sure that he will become more and more cosmopolitan until he is almost a foreigner to the rest of his countrymen. Films that are a success in London are seldom a success in the provinces. Plays that have successful provincial tours often die within a few days of their West End début. In the North the heavy English breakfast is as popular as ever. In London it has given way to the orange juice, rolls, and the coffee cups of France and America.

Newspaper proprietors prove their knowledge of the difference between the capital and the provinces by printing Northern editions which are quite different from those which emanate from Fleet Street. London, I repeat, is becoming to the rest of England what New York has become to the United States, or Paris to France, or Berlin to Germany. In dress, manners, mode of life, and humour, the gulf between London and the provinces is becoming daily more noticeable.

"Thank goodness," say the Londoners.

"Thank goodness," say the provinces.

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON'S SON

July 22 is the Centenary of the Death of the Duke of Reichstadt, King of Rome

MOTHER AND SON: Marie Louise of Austria with the youthful Duke of Reichstadt, King of Rome—after a painting by Gérard. The child, born to a greatness unfulfilled, was girdled with an order—seen above—even in his swaddling clothes

THE KING OF ROME: The Corsico-Austro-French scion of the House of Buonaparte who died of consumption at the age of twenty-one. The formality of the portrait by Sales is typical both of the period and the station of the subject

THE DEATH MASK of the Duke of Reichstadt. The rumours precipitated by his early death—rumours of carelessness amounting to virtual charges of murder, actual rumours of murder by poison and charges of death from dissipation—have now all been disproved

FRANCE IN AUSTRIA: The Napoleon room in the Schönbrunn Palace—the summer residence of the Habsburgs—which is kept in its quondam condition, surviving a century of time, wars, revolutions—and the visits of the populace

PRESENTED BY PARIS: The nacre cradle in which the fragile life of the Duke of Reichstadt was succoured in his first months. It is a perfect example of the Empire style, blending elaboration of conception with an ostentation of execution

THE LAST HOME OF THE HABSBURGS: The tomb of the Duke of Reichstadt in the vault of the Capuchin Chapel in Vienna. In the background is the monument to Maria Theresa. The hearts of the dead royalties are preserved in separate caskets

The son of the great Napoleon, to achieve whose birth the Corsican, according to romantic tradition, sacrificed his career with the love of his life, Josephine Beauharnais (was it not said, with the wisdom of hindsight, that she, and she only, was his star?), was born on March 20, 1811, the heir of the Thunderbolt and the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. What wonder he died after so brief a span of life! His mother revolted at every hour she spent in France.

He was born literally in the purple of Empire, and from his cradle—that exquisite empire *objet d'art* presented by the City of Paris—was proclaimed King of Rome. Verily was it written of the Signora Buonaparte, Madame Mère, "Here lies the Mother of Kings"—even the grandmother—but the dynasties were brief!

At the age of three the child supplanted his mighty father, for Napoleon in 1814 abdicated in his favour; but Marie Louise swept the child to Vienna and no effort was made to establish his right. In the next year his mother became Grand Duchess of Parma, but the boy remained in the Austrian capital, being expressly debarred from succession to the duchy. In 1818, in consideration of his empty title and his direct descent from the Imperial House, the Austrian Emperor endowed him with the dukedom of Reichstadt, the title by which he is generally known to-day.

In 1832, at the age of twenty-one, a gallant and popular figure, the second Napoleon—his names read Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles—died, his death creating a crisis—and a series of crises—that he never precipitated in his life. For the Buonaparte party in France, seeing the direct heir of their beloved Emperor laid low, blazed into rumour, though they had not flamed into revolt while yet he was with them. The age-old friction with Austria suggested that it was with such a hope that the boy might die, that he was allowed in inclement weather to command his regiment on manœuvres. It would well suit the great Empire of Mittel-Europa to have no such focal point of intrigue and rising within its borders, though it was conceded by the intelligent that the possession of the duke gave Vienna a powerful lever among the Chancelleries.

The tongue of slander went even further; it alleged that Metternich, in whose charge the education of the duke had been placed, had allowed his passionate patriotism to countenance a fatal accident with poison as the agent of the death. Metternich was too shrewd a diplomat to consider such violent means to an end he might—or might not—have desired. In point of actual fact, the cause of death was tuberculosis of the lungs, but an article appeared under the heading "Metternich, Murderer of the Duke of Reichstadt"—a *canard* since disproved to the hilt. A modern book on the subject of the duke draws him as a febrile consumptive and ascribes to that disease all the dissipation to which the unscientific lay opinion of the day ascribed his death.

After three-fourths of a century, Rostand wrote *L'Aiglon*, in which the divine Sarah gained one of her greatest triumphs. The play romanticizes the thwarted hopes and ambitions which embittered his life and hastened his death.

Habsburg—a Gallicised Habsburg—rather than Buonaparte in his life, he was Habsburg

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The PARIS SOCIAL SEASON

Very different from the London Season, Paris social life is at the same time more public and more intimate.

More public in that dinners at certain fashionable restaurants on what are known as gala nights, and entertainment *en masse* for such occasions as the private view of some well-known picture gallery, are this season replacing private entertaining to a very great extent.

More intimate because the purely private social life of the city is carried on on a more modest scale. Two or three important receptions are the most that clash. Even the most popular young men do not require to make lists of the houses at which their presence is desired on one particular evening. One popular hostess gives a *musicale* or a ball. Everybody goes. In the old days guests trickled off between midnight and 1 a.m. to meet again at whichever night resort, or "dancing," was in vogue at the moment. Now that economy is the watchword, guests stay as long as the orchestra will perform and the drinks hold out. At a recent ball given by six popular bachelors to which all Paris and one *jeune fille* were invited, dancing went on until 9.30 a.m., and everybody said the ball was most enjoyable from three o'clock onwards.

As there is no Court and French society is divided into many non-communicating compartments, the country châtelain does not consider a three-months' migration to the capital an absolute necessity in the summer months. If he has a daughter to marry she is entertained in neighbouring châteaux and she may visit relations in Paris to be taken to a ball or two. Some of the very wealthy keep their town houses open for a summer sojourn; but most of the events of the actual Paris season are more for the entertainment of the younger married set than for the *jeune fille* and, unlike the London debutante, she tastes more of the joys of Paris after she is married than before.

Officially the Paris summer season begins in May, which means that when they come up to town most women spend their days at the dressmakers, ordering and trying on gowns for summer events. Small parties are given and everybody goes to the theatre.

The most important events are crowded into June and the early part of July. During these short weeks there are more horsemen and women to be seen riding in the Bois than at any other period of the year, however lovely the early spring mornings may be.

In June take place the two race meetings at Chantilly, some twenty miles out of town, which have come to be known as the French Oaks and the French Derby. These are the first two Sunday dress parades of the season if the sun deigns to shine, and lovely gowns are worn; not of quite such garden party order as those seen at Ascot, but dresses with a reputation—dresses that attract fashion experts from all over the world, who come in the hope of gleaning a hint of what the fashions of the future are going to be rather than to review the fashions of to-day.

The beautiful racecourse of Chantilly, with its view of the Palace of the Condés and its surroundings of acres of forest, is well worth a visit. Chantilly is the Newmarket of France, and any morning the early rider in the forest may see hundreds of racehorses taking their training gallop. Until this year the Chantilly meetings were visited by hundreds of English racing enthusiasts who came over between the Derby and Ascot; but this year the crowd was chiefly French.

In June the chief polo matches of the season begin at the charming club ground at Bagatelle in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne. This is the most agreeable outdoor club in Paris. During the summer, dinner dances are held in the club-house on every fine Tuesday evening. The French *jeune fille* is allowed to be present on these occasions which, with a few charity balls, wedding family gatherings, and balls specially organized for her and her contemporaries, go to make up her season.

Besides the polo, Bagatelle is the field of a gymkhana which takes place every year to decide who is the *plus belle amazone de France*. The prize is always given to the best turned out horsewoman riding side-saddle, for Bagatelle is a stickler for tradition. There are classes for children, and this is one of the prettiest afternoon events of the season.

Another gala occasion is the garden party given by the members of the polo club to their friends, to which the leading

(Continued on p. 106)

IN THE CITY OF FASHION: Mlle Robette Cusey, the distinguished Parisian actress, in one of the many parades of *la mode* that form so notable a feature of the social life of both sexes in the French capital. *On right* another facet of Parisian social life is shown—that of equitation. At Maisons Laffitte, near Paris, an unusual event was held—a race for women jockeys. Miss Randall, an English competitor, is seen chatting to an *agent de police*

THE HORSE SHOW: A vignette of the last round for the French Military Cup, held in the Grand Palais. "Festivals of the Horse" are extremely popular in Paris, the two meetings at Chantilly rivalling Ascot in brilliance; the polo at Bagatelle vying with Hurlingham; while the Auteuil and Longchamp meetings are a blaze of fashion—and, incidentally, racing

CLASSICAL DANCERS give their annual display before the President of the Republic at the Théâtre de la Gaieté-Lyrique under the direction of Mlle Irène Popard, the head of the school, which has supplied the world with Terpsichoreans of opera and ballet. This was one of the high lights of the social season

THE CAPITAL OF

An Astonishing Revela
State of Liechtenstein
Criticism in European
Owing to the Way in
Flocking to the Capital
Company Management
Enjoy an Easier Life
Anywhere at the

By FERDIN

OUTWARD SIGNS OF THE GOVERNMENT IN LIECHTENSTEIN: The Government of the little State is run on very easy family lines. There are two head men, as mentioned in Mr. Tuohy's article here. Six hundred burghers can get together and upset the reigning government if necessary. But that does not often occur

VADUZ.

More than one country is becoming exercised concerning certain events in the Principality of Liechtenstein of which this large-size village is the capital, the allegation against Liechtenstein being that it is a breeder of Kreugers.

It was at Lausanne that I heard about matters, and a run of 200 miles via Zurich brought me to this very beautiful little land which is really part of Tyrol. Next door is the Austrian Vorarlberg, while for most practical purposes Liechtenstein is incorporated in the Swiss canton of St. Gall. But it is a sovereign State—has been ever since 1719. Covering an area of less than 100 sq. miles and totalling but 10,000 inhabitants, the little Principality, which is beginning to worry bigger neighbours, consists of five villages and is chiefly situate on a mountainside. One can enter without formality of any kind. One just switches off the main Swiss road leading down to Lake Constance. It so happened that I was piloted by the *Graf Zeppelin*—which was out on its birthday cruise. It flew down the valley and right over Vaduz, a silver envelope gleaming in the sunlight. And that vessel looked so safe, so under control, that it was hard to believe what can happen to them—as when seven failed to return from the last raid on London in November, 1917. One of their number was last seen flying head down away over the Mediterranean.

THE PRINCE'S HUNTING LODGE: Here at Thalhof, in the Styrian mountains, Prince Franz I of Liechtenstein spends several months every year

When I pulled up at the Vaduzer Hof for lunch I at once felt that the locals were considering who this visitor was. Was he a millionaire about to found a new company here in Liechtenstein? Or was he just a common or garden transient tourist? The only others in the hotel were four Viennese music-hall artists who were going to perform that evening. The lady of the party, I noticed from a printed announcement on the wall, possessed the name of Gusti Gruber. One observed at once the benefits of no local taxation, the bill for an excellent lunch and local wine being at least a third less than across the Rhine in Switzerland. A local gentleman inquired if I were going to stay, and then very kindly gave me a lesson in the history and the past of the Principality.

"We are," he said, "a small and fortunate people. We have no industrial life to worry us. There is just that wool factory which you see over there and where 600 are employed. The rest of us live by agriculture, growing wine and fruit, and making milk products and rearing cattle. We have no army to maintain,

WHERE FINANCIERS OF EUROPE MAY SUDDENLY APPEAR: The Vaduz hotels are busy with visitors from many parts of Europe. They may be on a preliminary visit in connection with the establishment of offices in this wonderful tax-evading land

THE RULER OF THE TAX-PAYERS' PARADISE: Prince Franz I of Liechtenstein with his wife, Elsa, sitting outside their Styrian Hunting Lodge

and our Sovereign pays us a civil list instead of receiving one as in other countries. We have now arranged that he pays us half a million Swiss gold francs a year. Our present ruler, Francis the First, was formerly Austrian envoy in Russia. We do not see a great deal of him since he came to the succession ten years ago. He prefers to be in Vienna. His castle, up there on the hill, is not very modern; in fact, he lives in a chalet in the wood behind it.

"The Prince is chiefly interested in the Royalist International, which will shortly meet at Innsbruck. This movement was founded in November, three years ago, and its purpose is to combat Bolshevism and uphold the monarchist principle throughout the world. It seeks to bind together all Royalists, and so increase their effectiveness in national and international politics. Hitherto monarchists have suffered from isolation and want of organization. The Royalist International aspires to remedy this state of affairs and to organize Royalist power in opposition to Republicanism and Bolshevism. One of the duties of the forthcoming conference will be to elect a grand council consisting of representatives of each nation. This council will organize propaganda on behalf of monarchy."

I thanked my informant and then asked where I could see Herr Hopp. Immediately there was a quickening of interest. But, alas! Herr Hopp would not be available that day.

Herr Hopp is Liechtenstein. He runs the Principality. Actually, there exists a Landtag or Parliament consisting of fifteen deputies, half from the valley and half from the mountains, which convenes once a year for two weeks. The remaining 350 days Herr Hopp and two assistants conduct affairs. Should this triumvirate not be to the liking of the inhabitants, the law ordains that 600 burghers can meet and dismiss its leaders, and also dissolve the Landtag. But such

CAPITAL EVASION

tion of How the Little has Aroused Serious Government Circles, which Big Money is Town of Vaduz, where and High Finance than can be Found Present Time

AND TUOHY

IN THE MAIN STREET OF VADUZ, THE CAPITAL OF LIECHTENSTEIN: The main street is typical of many modernized streets in Switzerland, on the borders of which the little State lies. There is a large shop and the Café Real on the right. All the houses are heavily eaved in Swiss fashion. Vaduz lies, roughly speaking, between Davos and Klosters on the south and the Lake of Constance on the north

things rarely occur in Liechtenstein, which happens to be in a very happy and prosperous condition.

The principal reason for this prosperity resides in the new laws which the Principality has passed in order to attract company formation from all over Europe and America. Vaduz may rightly be called the capital of capital evasion. More than one thousand companies have been formed in Liechtenstein in the past three years. One could call the main street here "The Wall Street of Europe"—although it has no skyscrapers and, in fact, is just a village thoroughfare. The millionaire concerns which have their seat here in Liechtenstein just instal themselves in some villa and leave their affairs in the hands of a score of international lawyers. On one hill a whole villa-town in miniature is arising. Among recent additions to the holding companies, according to the prospectus published under the name of Dr. R. E. S. Blank, are Standard Oil, Royal Dutch, British Imperial Chemicals, and I. G. Farben. These four came to Liechtenstein in order to exploit a system of synthetic petrol.

The attraction to foreign capitalists consists in the almost complete absence of taxation. The chief companies—90 per cent. of which are of German origin—are "omnium" and "holding companies." The dictionary description of the first is:

> The total or aggregate of the items in any fund or stock made up by combination of various independent commitments.

That of the second:

> A company the business of which is to own the stocks or securities of other companies, the interest or dividends upon which constitute the income of the holding company.

The two chiefs locally are Herr Hopp and Guido Feger, who was Kreuger's negotiator with many foreign Governments. Monsieur Feger has his villa and it was there that Kreuger domiciled his famous "Continental Investment Company." Five years ago there were only 333 companies domiciled in the Principality. This number rose to 750 two years ago and now the thousand mark has lately been topped. Herr Hopp, who is Prime Minister, makes no bones about the root cause of Liechtenstein's astonishing good fortune these stressful times. Last year's budget showed an excess of earnings over expenditure of just 50 per cent. The figures were: 8,579,000 Swiss francs as receipts. The taxation paid by nationals amounted only to 800,000 francs. The Post yielded 265,000 francs, and the Customs 271,000. All the rest of the takings came from the liberality of foreign holding companies. This is what happens, approximately:

Foreign capital domiciled in Liechtenstein enjoys the same privilege as national capital. It is legally exempt from all taxation. It need not show its books to anyone. Its one duty is to come to a friendly arrangement with the Government, which means with Herr Hopp. The fiscal law of the country permits a settlement to be extended over a long number of years. Thus, Kreuger spread his payments to the State over a matter of thirty years. For the first three years he was to pay Liechtenstein 60,000 Swiss francs a year. After that the sum was to be reduced by half to 30,000 Swiss francs. Most of the other foreign companies pay similar sums, this money swelling the national exchequer. The evasion of capital that has ensued, especially from the Reich, has now led several Governments to consider taking action against Liechtenstein, but it is not easy to see what they can do in the matter inasmuch as the midget State is a sovereign one and has the right to do what it is doing, however damaging this may prove to other bigger neighbours.

The law of the country sanctions the creation of anonymous companies by a single person, with no other shareholders. Everything is made as simple as can be. Shares can be in any coinage and the registration be made in any language. There is just one condition, namely, that foreign companies must not address themselves to natives of the Principality; there must be no appeal made to local purses and pockets. In this there is the same kind of reasoning that obtains in Monte Carlo, whose inhabitants are not permitted in the gaming rooms.

Companies domiciled in Liechtenstein need not publish any statement of affairs.

The Principality is, indeed, a country to live in. One finds that taxation on capital is $\frac{3}{4}$ per 1,000. Income tax is 1 per cent. Death duties vary from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. And special reductions are made to all "rentiers, aux exploitations industrielles appartenantes aux étrangers, aux sociétés commerciales."

In point of fact, such companies from abroad pay no income tax whatsoever and many get away with a mere payment of 200 Swiss francs a year to the State. Subsidiary companies in all parts of the world can be registered in these circumstances in Liechtenstein. The constitution of a company in the Principality is a single affair which need not ever be repeated. No act of publication is necessary, and there are no duties to be paid.

What effect is all this having on the natives? Well, they are extremely well-off and gradually they are losing their country atmosphere. A succession of splendid motor cars parade in the main street, chiefly bearing Berlin number plates—I A, II A, III A, and so on. Germans arrive from the frontier sometimes actually bringing vast masses of notes—all of which are taken care of by the lawyer fraternity to which I referred early on. It is amusing to read lawyer's name after lawyer's name along the main street. They have their café, the Real, into which I ventured for coffee. German, of course, is the language spoken on all sides. I caught sight of one Englishman, reading the *Daily Mail*, and, who, the moment he saw he was being observed, vanished round the corner. There is a great deal of hush in Vaduz. You cannot get an address book for love or money. People definitely do not want to be seen in Vaduz—at least, that is the impression I get.

A great deal of the business done occurs over the long-distance telephone. This is very up-to-date. In the tiny post office one reads, "Speak to Germany by telephone. Speak with any European land. We can get you your connection in anything from 10 to 30 min. The line is perfect for talking."

I spent an interesting 10 min. in the local tourist office. This is kept by Monsieur Feger and I did not disclose to him my occupation. Instead, I mysteriously pretended to be interested in the possibilities of founding a company locally and with the result that I was given several brochures on the strength of which I have written this article. These pamphlets, which cost five Swiss francs, are a veritable open sesame to capital flight. They teach you how to do it from A to Z.

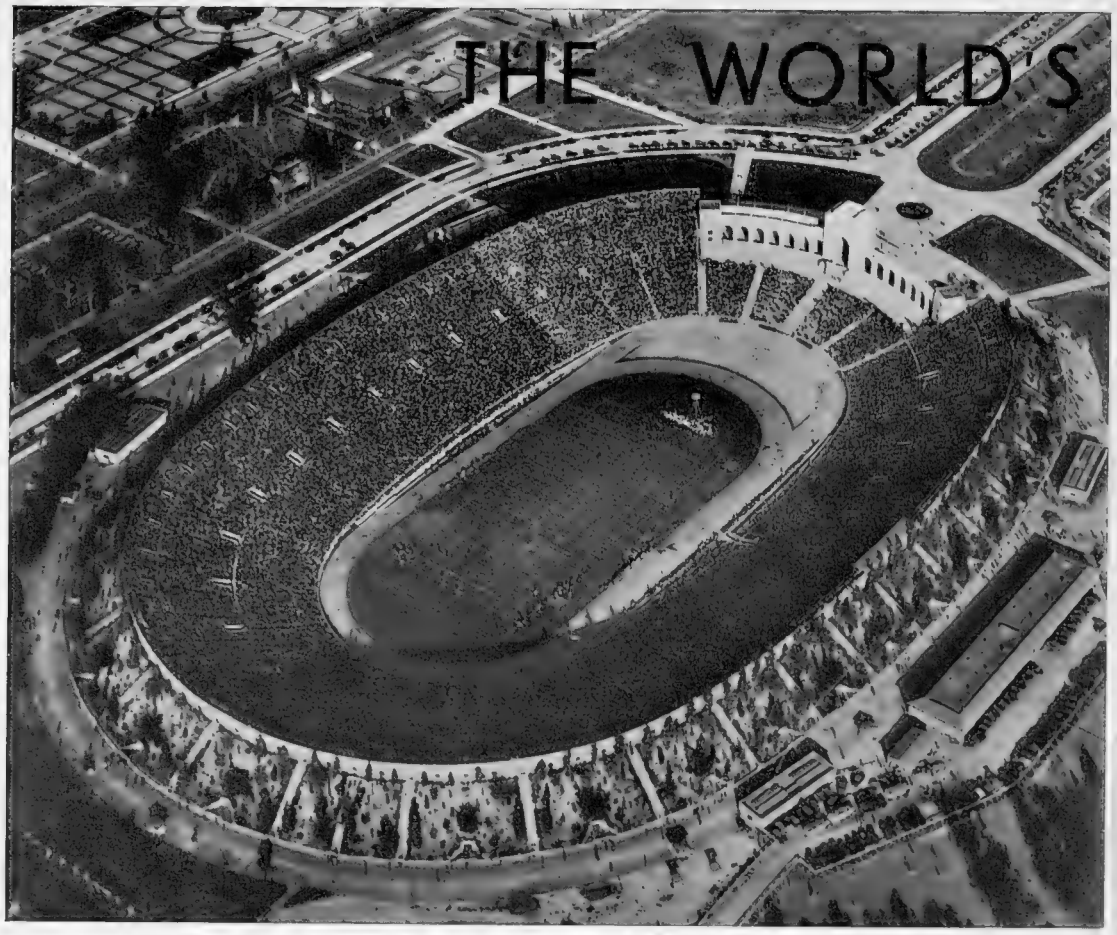
This little capital is now building two new banks and there are signs of its growing into a small metropolis. Barbers' shops are appearing, and the cinema, and the building of villas is occupying all the brawn of the land. There is no unemployment at all. And to crown matters this year's vintage is the best in two decades—80,000 litres of a light rosé wine.

Liechtenstein certainly is a favoured nook these times.

PRINCE JOHANN OF LIECHTENSTEIN is the grand nephew of the reigning Prince. He was married in London last year to a young American girl

ONE OF THE FEW MODERN FACTORIES IN LIECHTENSTEIN is situated at Triesen, one of the five villages of the little Principality

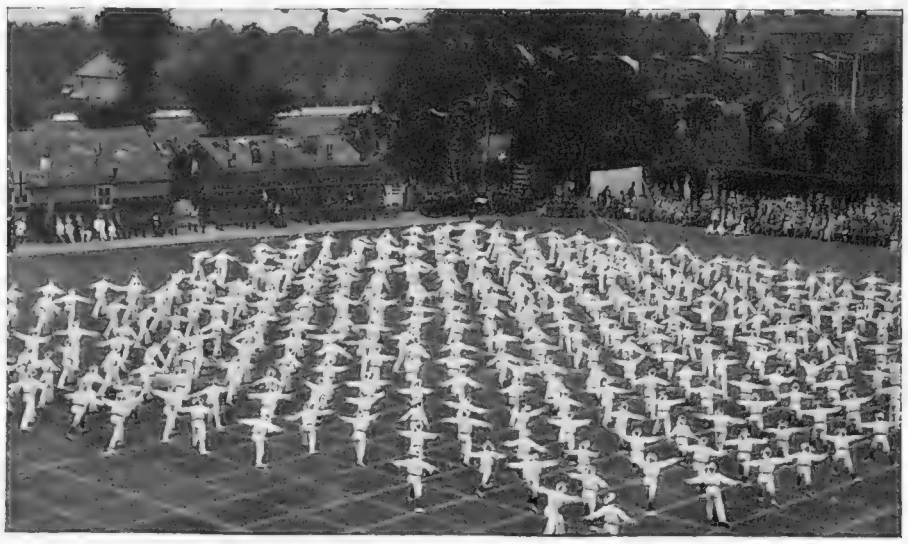
THE WORLD'S



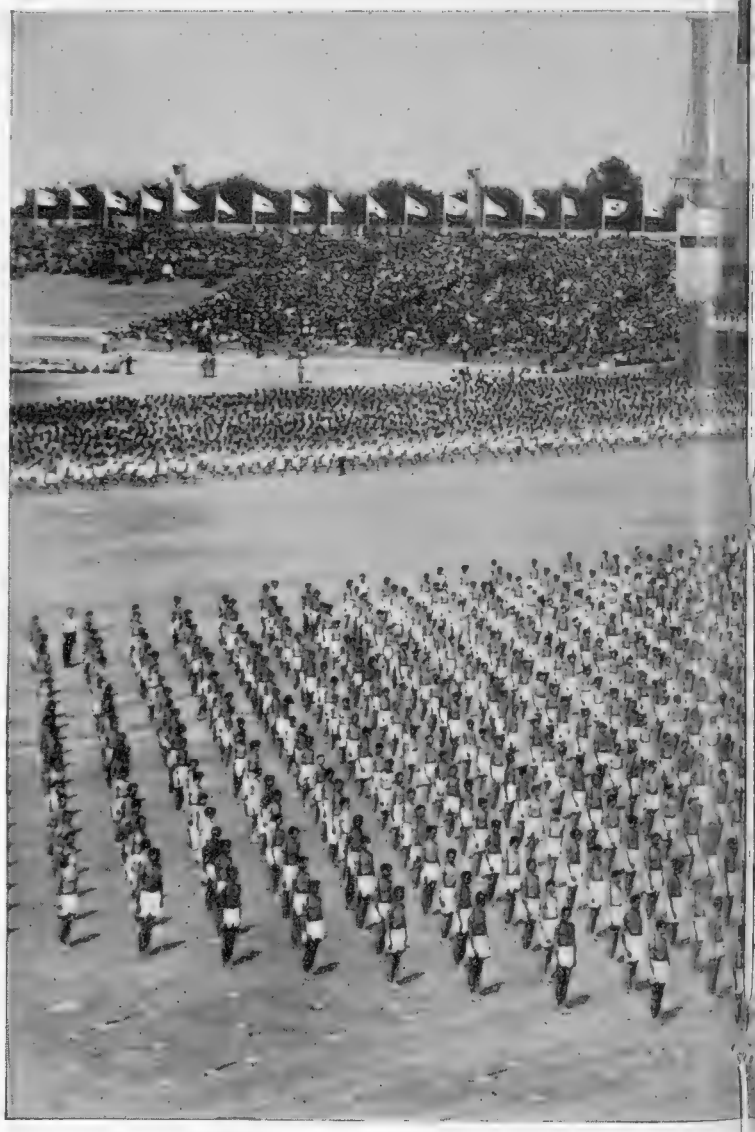
TO SEAT 105,000 : The steel and concrete "bowl" known as the Olympic Coliseum at Los Angeles where the opening and closing events of the Tenth Olympiad will be held. *On right* is another view. Nine several stadiums and pavilions will be the setting for the programme, which extends from July 30 to August 14

On left—MISS TILLIE TINMOUTH, the girl Samson of Sunderland, one of the most distinguished of amateur "strong men." She held the Amateur Weight-lifting Championship

AVE: Schoolboys at a swimming gala in Genoa give the Fascist salute before diving into the pool to race—evidence, were such required, of the permeation through Italian life of the influence of Il Duce



SYNCHRONIZED AND UNIFORM ACTIVITY: A drill display given by St. Joseph's College, South Norwood. There is a great tendency nowadays to concentrate on concerted drill in the educational period as this type of exercise is considered beneficial to discipline



20,000 IN MASS DRILL AT ONCE: A moment during the S

During the four days of the "Sokol" Festival which is the Olympic Games of the south Slavs, 60,000 young people took part in the gymnastic exercises. Like a solid wave of humanity, they marched in unison and took part in mass gymnastics, 20,000 at a time. The festival is held every six years, from July 3 to 6.

"Sokol" means falcon, the symbolic name given to Slav heroes of freedom. There are now 750,000 "Sokols" who form the backbone of the new republics. They formed the only trained nucleus of the armies that joined the Allies against the Central Powers during the struggle for independence from Austrian rule.

The Sokol movement in Czechoslovakia was inspired by the great Czech philosopher, Jan Amos Komensky, better known as "Comenius, the teacher of nations." He was the first man since the Greeks to appreciate the import-

ATHLETIC SEASON

THE JAVELIN: The Spanish champion from Villa University, Spain. Under Don Alfonso, and even more under the Republic, Spanish women are becoming more and more sportswomen than sheltered Senoritas

AMERICAN CHAMPIONS: Miss Gloria Scigliano, who has swum the 100 yds in 64⅘ sec, and Miss Bernice Phelan, a distinguished exponent of the art of diving

ol Festival in Prague which attracted a crowd of spectators a quarter of a million strong

ance of physical culture to the mental faculties. He pointed this out in his book, *Orbis Pictus*, written in the seventeenth century.

As a direct result of this teaching the Sokol organization was founded by Doctor Miroslav Tyrs in 1861 with a membership of 75 Dr. Buchovsky, the present president of the Sokols, describes the Sokol spirit as a Slav parallel to the English public school spirit.

Will-power is developed and character is formed through the use of mass gymnastics. It was this exhibition of 20,000 humans moving to the same rhythm in exercises that awed the 250,000 spectators who gathered each day at the stadium overlooking the city of Prague. The sight was an impressive one as the positions taken in unison gave a military effect.

Representatives of all Slav nations take part in the festival, including Czechs, Slovaks, Poles, Jugoslavs, Lithuanians, Bulgars and Russians. At the recent games there was a deputation of American-Czechoslovak "Sokols" and press delegations from Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Spain, Italy, and Rumania. Military detachments from Little Entente countries also took part in the festival. All Slavs are eligible for membership, as well as nationals (under certain conditions) of those Powers which fought on the side of the Entente during the World War. The Sokols have won a number of gymnastic prizes of importance, including the silver shield in London in 1910, Turin in 1911, and Paris, 1913. Every sixth year, Prague is decorated for the games, with the whole town *en fete*.

DRURY LANE THEATRE IN 1800: Mr. George Sheringham, in his series of interiors of old London theatres which now decorate part of the new Claridges, shows in this panel the interior of the Theatre Royal. The boxes extended far on to the stage, which was of an advanced apron type

PLAYS OF THE WEEK:

By PHILIP

No doubt in half-a-century's time people will sit in theatres (if there are any) laughing like anything at the young women of 1932, with their "marvellous" and "adorable," their foot-long cigarette-holders, and their pillar-box finger-nails. Surely they are much funnier even now than their grandmothers or great-grandmothers were in the 'fifties. It is better to have the vapours than to be merely vapid.

However, crinolines and side-whiskers have long been considered good game for burlesque, and in *The Pride of the Regiment*, which successfully brings the scent of the Lyric, Hammersmith, across the footlights of the St. Martin's Theatre, there is another good bang at them. Messrs. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley and Scobie Mackenzie (who are not, however, of Hammersmith but of Cambridge) have been very kindly in this little comic opera, which is genuinely little and genuinely comic. Much of it is so good that I regretted there was so little of it; two short acts and one long interval do not seem much in these days for a twelve and sixpenny stall, even with the conviction that this is a fault on the right side by way of compensation.

The fun waxes, too, a trifle thin at times, largely because more might have been made of the material, which is presented in rather amateurish fashion. And since this is a play with plenty of music in it, it seemed a pity that only two members of the cast knew how to sing. For all that, *The Pride of the Regiment* I found an altogether happier show than seven-eighths of those which are slickly professional, cost anything up to £30,000, and have not a line of genuine wit in them.

I will not say that this piece is, consciously or unconsciously, after the manner of Gilbert and Sullivan. For that immortal pair have been anything but beneficial to their successors, who are accused of plagiarism if they adopt their style and damned for a dozen other reasons if they do not. Just in order to demonstrate what I mean, I will fall into the prevailing fashion and say that the lyrics here, though frequently witty and neat, are not as witty and neat as those of Gilbert. Although Mr. Walter Leigh, the composer, has not anything like the knack of Sullivan for this type of thing, I hope he will not try to adopt the same knack. Since he is a young man, with a Vienna Festival reputation, he is not likely to do anything of the sort.

If we assume that the Prime Minister and the military chiefs at the time of the Crimean War were pompous nit-wits, we can laugh unreservedly at this burlesque of them. Without wishing to make any such assumption, I could not help chuckling at Mr. Frank Birch's whiskered politician (facially not unlike the late Duke of Cambridge), and the General Sir John Blazes of Mr. Clinton-Baddeley was also amusing, though on the restless side.

By the way, many laughs were lost throughout the evening through faulty timing and the tendency to work up things to a good climax and then let them fall limply. Mr. Gavin Gordon gave a really brilliant performance as Captain de Vavasour and sang two songs, one in the manner of Handel, with just the right touch of ludicrous villainy. But even he would have been better had he paced up and down the stage less frequently. Burlesque, if it is to be in every respect successful, must be an owlishly solemn business. Mr. Trefor Jones, late of *Tantivy Towers*, and Miss Kathlyn Hilliard are to be congratulated on getting the true atmosphere and also on some admirable singing. The vocal deficiencies of certain other members of the cast were painfully obvious: a concerted number in which only two parts are properly sung is apt to be an ordeal. None the less, this is an attractive piece of picturesque nonsense, well worth a visit.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST: Mr. Eugene Leahy as Don Armado, Miss Joan White as Moth, Miss Vera Poliakoff as the Princess of France, and Mr. Abraham Sofaer as Biron in the Tyrone Guthrie production with Molly McArthur *décor* and costumes at the Westminster Theatre

The theatrical season is waning. Without indulging in an exhaustive and exhausting retrospect, a feature that strikes me has been the remarkable amount of dancing seen on the stages of London theatres since May. Some dancers have tripped it daintily on their toes. Miss Mary Wigman at the Globe Theatre planted her feet down flat, with measured beat and slow, like a City policeman, to the accompaniment of the banging of gongs, this being her elected method of terpsichorean interpretation. Mlle Alanova (otherwise Miss Allan) showed considerable grace at the Savoy Theatre, wore clothes well, and had a nice big orchestra to accompany her. The Camargo Society had a successful season, drew all the wealthy chatterers who must at all costs be *dans le mouvement*, and did much useful work, though at present interpretation rather than creation is their strong point. Miss Tilly Losch is dancing and miming away dramatically in *The Miracle* at the Lyceum, where can also be seen Miss Maud Allan as an Abbess (and, therefore, not for the moment dancing). And as La Camargo herself, Miss Mimi Crawford is the very poetry of movement in that unabated success, *The Dubarry*.

To this list was added last week Argentina, who gave a couple of dance recitals at the Savoy. Argentina made an appearance some years ago at the Coliseum, *ni tambour, ni trompette*, and caused but little stir. Then, after preliminary publicity, which was in itself a masterpiece, she danced last year at the Adelphi. We can now come to a more sober

THE ART OF TOM TITT: The noted caricaturist has been engaged in the creation of four panels for the Caviare Bar, Green Street, Leicester Square. The caricatures are all of notables, many of whom are *habitués*. Above may be discerned Mr. Owen Nares, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. George Munro, Sir Gerald du Maurier, M. Anton Dolin, M. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. Claude Hulbert, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Bernard Nedell, Mr. Jack Buchanan, Mr. Jack Hulbert, Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, Mr. W. H. Berry, Mr. Douglas Wakefield, Mr. Bobby Howes, Mr. Hannen Swaffer, Mr. Leslie Henson, Miss Cicely Courtneidge, and Miss Jessie Matthews. It is remarkable to find this form of pictorial art at once pungent and trenchant, wittily exaggerative and brilliantly recognizable and yet in no way cruel or malicious. So many caricatures either fail at the pointedness or at the likeness; and the majority of those which succeed on these two sides seem as if drawn in vitriol. Tom Titt, his "models," and the Caviare Bar are to be congratulated

Sasha

"*M*": The Düsseldorf Y fascinating a de —a scene from running at

Whiskers Burlesqued Anew at the St. Martin's: A Review of Ballet: Good Production of Indifferent Shakespeare: Follies at the Savoy

PAGE

consideration of her art, which is, in its way, perfect.

But I must confess to, if not a prejudice against Spanish dancers, an inability to agree that on the scale of dancing-styles they rank very high. It is a limited form, depending for its success largely on what some people would call personality, and others less polite would call bluff.

Technique is, of course, demanded; but not one-tenth of the technique demanded in ballet-dancing of the classical school. Perhaps it will be said that it is unfair to make the comparison; but Mlle Spessiva, for instance, who sat behind me during the first Argentina recital, is an incomparably greater artist than all the Spanish dancers in the world put together. A sense of proportion in such matters can be so easily obscured by the glamour of a personality and the whisk of a Spanish shawl.

DANGEROUS CORNER: Miss Isla Bevan and Mr. Frank Allenby in the clever J. B. Priestley play at the Lyric. The two characters above seem likely to escape from the enquiry, but are subsequently forced to make damaging admissions

THE MOST QUICK-FIRE PLAY IN LONDON: Mr. Richard Bird, Mr. William Fox, Miss Flora Robson, and Miss Marie Ney in *Dangerous Corner*, by J. B. Priestley, at the Lyric—a play in which each character is made to reveal his or her part in a previous incident with great dexterity

THE OLD BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON: One of the decorative panels by Mr. George Sheringham in the entrance lobby to the new ballroom at Claridge's. The theatre, with its view-marring number of pillars, was in Hoxton Street

However, Argentina in her own line is undoubtedly supreme. She has, too, a sense of character and a sense of humour, and she is a good mime. The rhythmic stamps and the clatter of the castanets, which in her hands seem to have a positive language of their own, obviously require much skill for proper management. And Madame not only has a splendid array of picturesque costumes, but knows how to wear them. Her smile of allurement is a trifle mechanical. But I have no doubt it is authentically Spanish.

The Andalusian Tango she performed with a grace which made every Tangoist I have previously seen seem very small beer indeed, and the Shawl Dance from the ballet, *La Romeria de los Cornudos*, showed what may be done with good material—and artistically-coloured and expensive material too.

I thought at first that Argentina's accompanist was Mr. Naughton, of the immortal firm of Naughton and Gold, and that "Crazy Month" at the Palladium had spread to the Savoy. But it was not. It was Señor Luis Galve, who has a poker-face and the piano-technique of an angel. He even made tinkling little insincerities by such unfamiliar composers as Padre Donostia and J. M. Usandisaga seem interesting.

vampire in sinisterly kindly mood, stined victim by a visit to a toy shop the Nero film "*M*" which has been the Cambridge Theatre

A visit to *Love's Labour's Lost* soon relieves one from puzzling as to why this comedy of Shakespeare had not, I believe (I am ready with an apology if it has been done at the Old Vic. or Sadler's Wells), enjoyed a regular run in London since a production at the St. James's in 1886.

That does not mean that I do not advise a visit to the Westminster, where Mr. Anmer Hall has revived it with all the good taste and attention to detail which have marked everything he has done since, in a moment fortunate for London playgoers, he secured a lease of that theatre.

But only the blindest form of Bardolatory could call *Love's Labour's Lost* a good play. The great man was feeling his way when he wrote it, and though there are traces of youthful genius and flashes of exquisite poetry it is stilted and mannered.

If you can throw yourself into the style of its mannerisms, the charm is there. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, who has produced it, does his utmost to help and not to hinder the illusion, which becomes do not think Shakespeare wanted even his princesses to be ladies in—shall I say the Ealing sense? Mr. Anthony Quaile, Mr. Eugene Leahy (a memorable Armado), and Miss Vivienne Bennett are other members of a more than capable cast.

The Co-optimists having lasted for eleven years, it is only natural that Mr. Archie de Bear should try his luck again with an entertainment on almost precisely similar lines. In the *Savoy Follies* (at, of course, the Savoy Theatre) the pierrot costumes are black and white instead of yellow and mauve.

But the Co-optimists had no Mr. Gillie Potter, a comedian of a rare and original type. Mr. Potter lectures his audience academically, and is amazingly funny about it. He has a loud, distinct, and urbane voice, and hovers

(Continued on p. 108)

Sasha

THE ARTIST AT WORK: Tom Titt completing a panel for the Caviare Bar. Mr. Joseph Coyne, Miss Ursula Jeans, Mr. Ronald Squire, Miss Margaret Bannerman, Mr. Antony Prinsep, Mr. Edward Laurillard, Miss Vesta Victoria, Mr. Herbert Marshall, Miss Edna Best, Miss Violet Loraine, Miss Oriel Ross, Miss Cohen, Miss Madeleine Cohen, the Hon. David Tennant, Miss Peggy O'Neill, Miss Frances Doble, Mr. Henry Daniels, Mr. R. H. Gillespie, Miss Betty Frankiss, Mr. Edmond Breon, Sir Alfred Butt, Mr. Jack Barty, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther, Miss Madeleine Carroll, Mr. Francis Lederer, Mr. A. W. Bascomb, Miss Celia Johnson, Mr. Jack Payne, Senor Alfredo, Mr. Gilbert Miller, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and Miss Hermione Baddeley may be recognized above

WHERE HIKING WAS BORN

The Wandervögel Movement in Germany

By V. SINCLAIR

FEEDING FROM THE SOIL THEY WALK ON: The leader of the expedition of vegetarian hikers gives a lecture on the botanical culinary art

LOOKING FOR HERBS: The treasurer of the vegetarian hikers' expedition with his wife—proof of the ageless appeal hiking exerts in the Germany of to-day

UNLIKELY DELICACIES: Stinging nettles prove palatable and wholesome when cooked—a discovery made by the "Sunday Plant Gatherers" of Germany, a vegetarian hiking organization

The Wandervögel movement has been in existence in Germany for nearly twenty-five years; originating from a small circle, it has had a powerful influence on the whole people. Unfortunately, however, this influence was not of a continuous nature; ideas are frequently adopted for reasons of vogue and not of common sense, and just as easily cast aside. For instance, the peculiarly simple and homely attire of the original Wandervögel movement, which was so well adapted to the human form, was worn by many for a certain length of time, but not from any understanding of its æsthetic and wholesome virtues, because it went out of fashion long ago. On the other hand, rambling or hiking in a more or less modest way has developed phenomenally and is now popular in all circles; not in "Sunday best," but in simple attire with strong shoes and raincoats. The present Wandervögel movement is, therefore, directly traceable to the example provided by the original group. But so far some of the customs of the latter have still to be assimilated. The habit of burying paper and rubbish, of burning it or even taking it home, has unfortunately not yet been generally adopted, for frequently the ground about bathing pools and elsewhere is badly littered. Again, an original Wandervögel party never disturbed the peace of the woods with boisterous sounds, although they may perhaps have sung an old folk song while they tramped.

Rambling is, of course, the principal function of the Wandervögel movement; to tramp off, if possible, every Saturday or Sunday. And then, to crown the whole year, a long walking tour during the school holidays. Tramps of this kind are taken, first of all, in the homeland, in order that the young people may become acquainted with their own country; then they are extended across the frontiers, to show Germans living in neighbouring countries that they are not forgotten and to confirm their "Germanity." Many of the old songs and dances have been brought back from these foreign settlements, because old manners and customs are frequently preserved better in the agricultural districts where these Germans live than in the industrial parts, or even the country districts at home. Also, off and on, when sufficient money is available, a journey is undertaken to a more distant foreign land, so that the German youth can become acquainted with its peoples and try to understand them. But as train journeys for this purpose are generally long and there are no reduced fares for the movement, as in Germany, such tours cannot be undertaken often because the young people are not provided with superfluous money. Further, living is not so cheap for the hikers in a foreign country as in Germany; it is not so easy to sleep in the hay and straw at farms, and no other special accommodation is available such as is now found in the Fatherland. They were happy times, those days, when Wandervögel groups could always spend the night at a German farm and entertain the peasants with songs in return; they brought town and peasant together and assisted them to understand one another better.

But now the youth movement has spread to such an extent, and the number of those who ramble has become so large, that this kind of hospitality is quite exceptional and the tent has come into its own for sturdy parties of young people. These either pitch encampment in some secluded spot where they spend the time together for a couple of weeks and make it a base for their rambles, or they move on each day and pitch their tents somewhere else for the night.

For others, who prefer something less rough, "Young People's Hostels" are to be found in all parts of Germany, more particularly, of course, in the more frequented hiking districts. These establishments open their doors to all young ramblers of both sexes, so that the various classes and "tribes" of the German peoples have the opportunity to meet, know and understand one another. The older hikers, who are only allowed to make use of the hostels if, by so doing, they do not deprive the young ones of beds and also if they are members of the Society for Young People's Hostels, appreciate this form of accommodation, more especially the women, who are not annoyed by the fumes of stale tobacco and beer nor by the more unpleasant attendant phenomena provided by slightly tipsy or drunken clients. For smoking and alcohol are strictly forbidden in all these establishments at the instance of the youth movement itself, which has participated so largely in the organization of the Young People's Hostels. In addition to a kitchen for those parties who wish to do their own cooking, the large hostels are now equipped with a catering service which provides food and drink more cheaply than can be obtained at inns which look to make a large profit. For instance, a pot of coffee (of course malt coffee) costs 1d., a simple lunch 4d., and dishes which involve more labour, such as potato salad or baked potatoes with poached egg, 5½d. to 6½d. The charges for beds are also low; for children 3d. to 6d., for others 6d. to 1s.

Young people of all sorts are thus able to undertake long tramps lasting many days; and, after all, tramping plays the largest rôle in the Wandervögel movement. The parties are generally small and are under the control of one or two of the older hikers; *i.e.*, the boys and girls are from ten to sixteen, and the leaders, perhaps, from sixteen to twenty-one years of age. But there are also numerous individual hikers who, alone or in couples, sometimes on foot and sometimes on bicycles, roam over their small or large native soil, as the case may be, on Sundays or during their holidays. The group or party is, however, typical of the Wandervögel, as the movement is intended to promote association between the boys and girls of the various classes of society. The individual has to learn to subordinate himself or herself to the community; all must help when the meals have to be prepared for the party, whether a special duty is allotted to each one or, as in the case of a large group, one after another has to take a turn. Work of this kind may entail collecting wood if the cooking is done in the open, stirring the soup, cutting and buttering bread, etc.

Parties of not less than ten can travel at half-fare on the railways and a holiday ramble of about three weeks of this sort of simple life may be undertaken for about 50s. Many groups also possess their own country quarters, such as an old dilapidated farmhouse which they have restored themselves. All have lent a hand to this work; one has repainted the house; another has carpentered benches and tables; the girls have made the curtains and table-covers and stuffed and sewn the straw-filled mattresses. They go there Sunday after Sunday to get the house in order and to equip it tastefully, frequently with quite small resources at their disposal. In cases of this kind all long rambles must, of course, be renounced.

The movement requires that certain social forms shall be waived by its members; they do not meet in their circles in order to gossip about their fellow-creatures, but when the younger ones are forgathered in the evening a stirring book is read aloud and debated, and then they sing and play their instruments. The older members have their singing evenings, or amateur theatricals are given in a neighbouring township.

The question of music points to one of the greatest services rendered by the Wandervögel, in that they were able to resuscitate the old musical treasures of the German peoples, and even, in many cases, to preserve these songs from complete loss. There was, first of all, the *Zupfgeigenhänsel* (literally, the plucked instrument music primer) which appeared in 1908, and contained a selection of one-part folk songs from all parts of Germany. But as the present youth movement expanded, the one-part song alone was no longer found sufficiently satisfying, and the singing habit was largely helped forward by Walter Hensel by the singing classes which he instituted, and in which two, three, and four-part songs were sung in community. In these, old madrigals, glees, catches, and canons are performed.

The cultivation of folk-song has brought about a revival of many old instruments which had been supplanted by the piano, but which are really much more suitable for chamber music than the latter. First of all, guitars and lutes were employed to accompany the one-part songs, but it was soon realized that these also had some merits as performing instruments. For instance, Bach's music has been played for some time on the instruments for which his works were composed: clavichords, cembalos, quintons and beaked flutes are being made again. In addition to old songs and music, the ancient folk-dances have been revived: simple choral dances as well as others involving picturesque figures, accompanied by a small orchestra.

THE WORLD OF ART

A GUIDO RENI FIND IN A MAGAZINE: Signor Manceri, the new director of the Reale Pinacoteca, Bologna, at the revision of pictures kept in the institution's magazines, found this portrait of a noblewoman, ascribed to Guido Reni

The picture on the right is inscribed on the face—"This Print, representing the B. and N.A. Royal Mail Steam Ship BRITANNIA, JOHN HEWITT, Commander, leaving her dock at East Boston on the 3rd of February, 1844, on her voyage to Liverpool, is respectfully dedicated by the PUBLISHERS to the Merchants of Boston, who projected and paid for a canal cut in the ice 7 miles long and 100 feet wide. Much credit is due to the Committee and to the Contractors, Messrs. Gage, Hettenger & Co., and John Hill for their perseverance in accomplishing so arduous an undertaking." The Bostonians refused to have the cost refunded to them, and the Cunard Line made their terminal at New York, where their ships were not so likely to be frozen in. All pictures of this event were suppressed by the Merchants of Boston as they realized the disadvantage of the port in those days. The illustration, from one of the rare copies that escaped destruction, is now on exhibition at the Parker Gallery, Berkeley Square

UNDER THE HAMMER: The Elector Augustus III of Saxony as King of Poland—a Meissenlarge figure of the Kaendler period. He is wearing the Golden Fleece at his throat, the White Eagle at his side. It was sold at Puttick and Simpson's last week. Augustus was the *only* legitimate son among the 300 children of his father, Augustus the Strong!

A PICTURE THAT WAS SUPPRESSED: The Cunard paddle steamer, *Britannia*, caught in the ice at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1844

THE ART OF R. WARD BINKS: Two examples—"Found" and "When Guns are Silent then Work Begins"—of the work of this noted illustrator of sport, whose canvases have been purchased by the Queen. Mr. Ward Binks is holding an exhibition at the moment at the Greatorex Galleries, Grafton Street

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS

THE GIFT: When the Duchess of York attended the garden party at St. James's Palace held in aid of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare—a cause near and dear to the heart of H.R.H.—she accepted from the youngest guest present a purse in aid of the fund

JEANNE DENCH, who won the baby show in aid of the Royal Infant Orphanage, Wanstead and was awarded a cot cover worked by the Queen

A MEMORIAL TO A REBEL: President de Valera at the unveiling of the memorial bust to the late Countess Markievicz, the insurgent of 1916. The bust stands in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, within sight of the billets the Countess and her Fianna Scouts occupied

THE McDOWELL SHIELD presented by the Hon. Hilaria St. Aubyn at the Cornwall County Folk Dance Festival at St. Austell—a festival in which no fewer than 1,400 dancers participated

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT opens the new open-air swimming baths, situated between Brynmawr and Beaufort, a site presented by the Duke. The baths were constructed entirely by voluntary labour, largely consisting of unemployed

QUARTETTE: Miss Margaret Hope of Kinnettles, Miss Sturton of Marcus, Miss Margaret Copeland of St. John's Forfar, and Miss Hector of Ethie Castle, at the Caesegray Garden Fête

SPEEDY CRAFT on River and Sea

MISS ENGLAND III: "The bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond" reverberate to the roar of a 90-m.p.h. boat. Mr. Kaye Don found on the first trial that the vessel bumped strangely at high speed in the wash of a steamer. She is seen being towed back to Luss

R.A.F.: One of the new fast seaplane tenders chosen by the Air Ministry. They are used as general utility vessels for towing, refuelling, etc. They have a speed of 25 knots

THE BUCKING BRONCHO: The engine of Miss England III inspected after her trial trip on Loch Lomond. Eyewitnesses describe her test as a terrifying spectacle, the vessel bumping and leaping almost clean out of the water at a speed of something over 80 m.p.h. The wash of a passing steamer intensified her motion

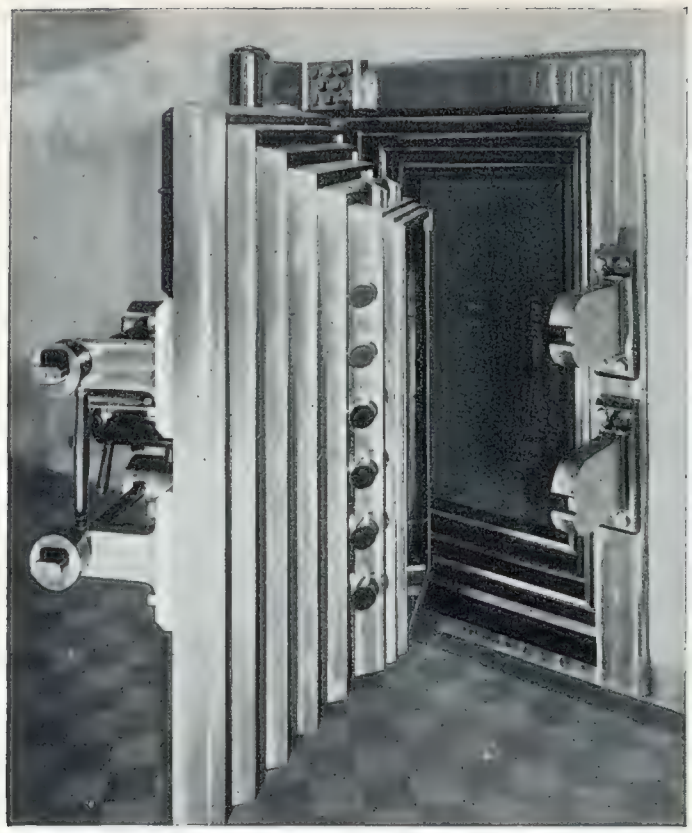
A RECORD BREAKER: Staff Commodore Dick Loynes of the Long Beach, California, Yacht Club, in his fast 725 cubic inch piston displacement class speed boat. Recently the vessel, passing over the measured mile at 62'29 m.p.h., vanquished the six-year-old U.S. record for vessels of this class

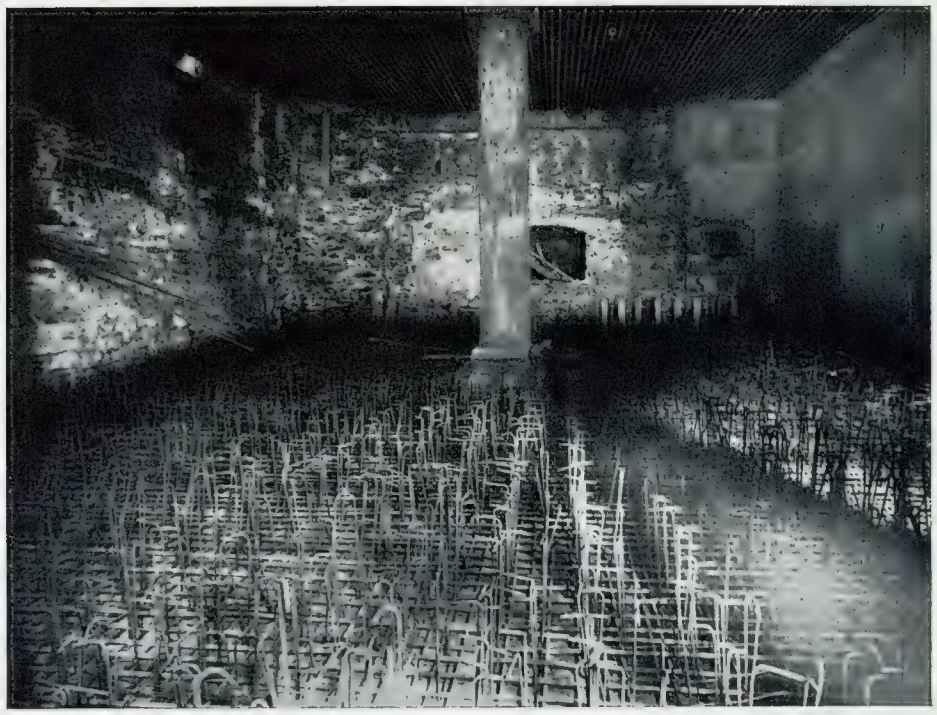
OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOATS: At the International Outboard Motor-boat Race for "The Yachting World" Trophy, which took place recently in Poole Harbour, Great Britain regained the prize from the Italian entrants who had won it in 1931. A general view of the race (*Sunisidup* leading) is seen in this picture, watched by a number of people on the quays

NON SEQUITUR XI: The outboard motor-boat in which Mr. Charles Marrison competed at Miami. The popularity of this type of craft has gained greatly since first it loomed on the horizon some two or three years ago

A GREAT COAL-OIL EXPERIMENT

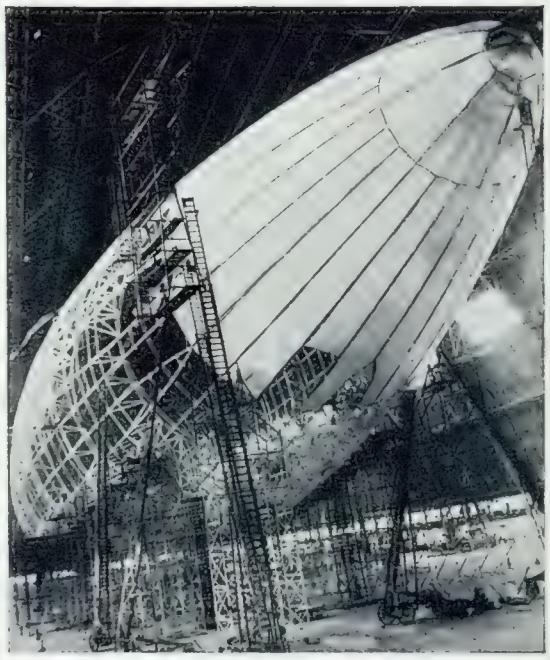
And Other Mechanical Matters of the Week



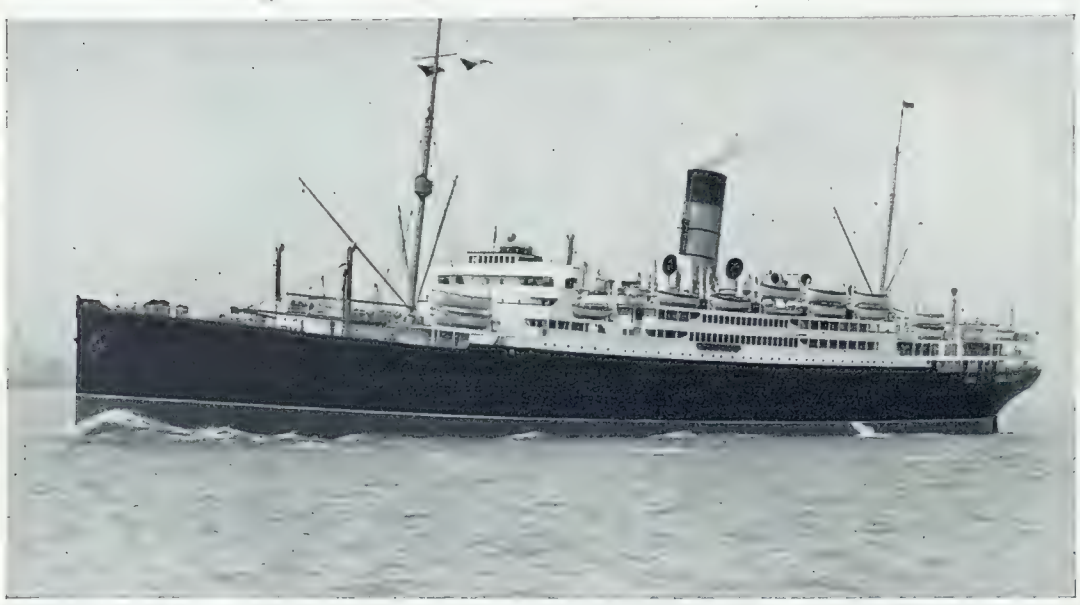


THE SAFEST SAFE IN THE WORLD: *On left* is a door, made in Italy, composed of thirty-eight different metals, which is impervious to action physical or chemical, weighs approximately 59 tons and is the largest safe-door in the world, eclipsing even that in Tokio. It is installed in the Banco di Chiavari e Della Riviera Ligure in the famous "street of banks," Via Garibaldi, Genoa. Despite its weight, it is so perfectly equipoised that a child can swing it. *On right* is the unfinished pavement of the safe deposit, presenting a curious forest of iron ties before the concrete is flooded on to them

A TWO-MILE AQUEDUCT IN PERTHSHIRE: A tremendous undertaking is being carried out at Tummel Bridge in connection with the Tummel Development for the Grampian hydro-electric supply scheme, in which a dam is being dug on the river Tummel at Dunalistair and a two-mile long concrete aqueduct to carry the water to a pipe line at Tummel Bridge is under construction



THE SECOND LARGEST AIRSHIP IN THE WORLD: A view inside the hangar at Akron, Ohio, showing the U.S.S. *Macom*, a sister dirigible to the *Akron*, under construction. She is to be ready for trials early next year



R.M.S. *SCYTHIA*, on board which the successful coal and oil fuel experiment was made

The Cunard Line has recently carried out experiments aboard the *Scythia* with a colloidal fuel—mixed coal and oil—which may prove a god-send to the coal-mining industry of the country. The first crude experiments with the dispersions of pulverized coal in oil fuel were begun in September, 1931. From October 9 until October 19 they carried out more extensive experiments on a laboratory scale. The pulverized coal was hand mixed with a selected fuel oil, and the mixture was thoroughly homogenized. The product was afterwards kept for a fortnight at approximately the boiling point of water without evidence of settling.

After larger scale tests, in June, further samples were drawn off and it was clear that no settling had taken place. A burning test had also been carried out on approximately a ton of similar colloidal fuel and it was found that this fuel could be handled and burned in existing O.F. burning installations, provided the boiler furnaces had already been adopted for the efficient combustion of fuel oil. A quantity of approximately 150 tons of colloidal fuel was made and shipped on board the *Scythia* for a full scale test at sea, one boiler of four furnaces being isolated on the fuel side for the experiment, which was absolutely successful.

GAS MASKS FOR PIGEONS: Germany is endeavouring to enable horses, dogs, and carrier pigeons to survive in a gas attack. Special cases have been made, the upper portion of which houses them in normal conditions, the lower portion of which is fitted with filters for when gas is about

LOOK AT THE TREAD—
THAT'S FOR
GREATER SAFETY

INSIDE THERE'S
THE GUM-DIPPED
CORD—THAT'S FOR
MORE MILEAGE
FIRESTONE TYRES GIVE YOU BOTH

The Mark of Quality

Firestone

MADE IN ENGLAND
ON THE GREAT WEST ROAD NEAR LONDON

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WORRY *NOT* Funny "DUCK"

COME AND HAVE A

"BLACK & WHITE"

A Page of Modern Silver

A slim silver tray supports the modern coffee service, *right*, which has cups of an arresting modernist design in yellow and black which reflect themselves charmingly in the lustrous surface of the silver. From Mappin and Webb

Helen Macgregor

From the very beginning it has been something of a problem to harmonize the decoration of the table with the most modern conception of home furnishing, and efforts to achieve some positive relationship between the two have been strictly confined to the use of modern glass and china. Silver and plate have, until now, held aloof and though isolated examples of modernist design have timidly appeared, they have, partly on account of their foreign origin, as diffidently withdrawn.

That the time would come when, responding to the increasing demand, the British craftsmen would prove their ability to produce works of originality and character in silver and gold was obvious, but that this would be accomplished so satisfactorily and so soon is largely due to the encouraging efforts of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

At the exhibition which is at present being conducted at the premises of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company Ltd., Regent Street, many important pieces of decorative and ceremonial plate are to be seen, together with articles of silver plate and cutlery to satisfy the most modern taste. It will also be seen from the magnificent exhibits that no fraction of the infinite craftsmanship of less modern designs has been sacrificed to simplicity, and that one may be as proud in the possession of a modern silver tea service as of an earlier style, more ornate perhaps, but certainly no less impressive.

Absolutely original in conception this group above shows how completely the silversmith has mastered the modern taste. This set is among many others, equally attractive, at the exhibition by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Ltd.

On right

It has been found that the extreme simplicity of modern designs is enhanced rather than obscured by lace of intricate pattern, and modern table schemes still include some concession to this point. These exquisite examples from Robinson and Cleaver are carried out in deepest ecru colouring

On left

Economy of design makes this tea set a most arresting example of its kind which will appeal strongly to the more ardent devotees of modernism. Carried out in silver and ebony it has features of a most utilitarian kind. From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Ltd.

The innovation will most certainly come as a welcome solution to the problem of wedding presents. An entirely new field for the expression of originality in giving is now opened by these designs. Whereas the bride of former days might, with justice, sigh at the appearance of yet another set of teaspoons, she is happy to-day in the anticipation of a present whose character is familiar and yet refreshingly new, while the giver himself is faced with a pleasurable and certainly a more thankful task.

A GEM OF THE RIVIERA: The entrance to the land-locked harbour of Portofino, a resort "discovered" by the banking brothers Brown

OFF THE BEATEN PATH: The harbour of Iviza seen from the Plaza de la Cathedrale. Iviza and Majorca are the most picturesque of the group

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

THE LIGURIAN RIVIERA

English people who go to the Italian Riviera mostly go to the Riviera di Ponente. The Riviera di Levante, or the coast that lies east of Genoa, is most attractive but it is astonishing how few English people have discovered it. It is true that such places as Nervi, Santa Margherita, and Rapallo have for many years been favourite winter resorts, but in pre-War days these places were mostly favoured by Germans and Russians. Nervi is now part of Genoa, and is too artificial for many; Nervi Vecchio is west of the modern town, and has a useful little harbour, and has managed to keep much of its old-time charm. Rapallo and Santa Margherita are both delightful places for those who desire a quiet winter.

THE LIGURIAN RIVIERA: An overhead view of Camogli, showing the portion called Ruta on the main road from Genoa to Rapallo

Three miles from Santa Margherita is that fascinating gem of the Riviera, Portofino, a small landlocked harbour that usually shelters many yachts. Portofino was "discovered" about sixty years ago by the English bankers in Genoa, the brothers Brown. I believe they bought up all they could of the surrounding country, including the castle that dominates the little port. Portofino has given its name to that bluff headland that rises 2,000 ft. from the sea and separates the Gulf of Genoa from the Gulf of Rapallo. There are many walks for the energetic who are not afraid of a scramble up Monte Portofino, and a convenient motor-bus service takes the lazy up to the Vetta, about 500 ft. from the summit, whence they can walk round the mountain and so down to Portofino or Santa Margherita. During the season a small steamer takes visitors to Portofino and round the headland to San Fruttuoso, the burial chapel of the princes of Doria, a most romantic spot in between rocky precipices. San Fruttuoso can be reached by sea or on foot from the summit of Monte Portofino by a rough mountain path.

To my mind the most interesting place on the Riviera di Levante is Camogli, and, curiously enough, this place is rarely visited by tourists as it is not on the direct motor road from Genoa to Rapallo. Camogli lies on the Genoa side of Monte Portofino, tucked into a corner and well protected from the north and east by high mountains. Camogli has always been the home of men of the sea, men who live on the sea and by the sea, in fact its very name tells us this: "Ca'mogli" means the "wives' house," all the men being at sea and leaving their wives at home. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we are told that Camogli was a nest of pirates; in fact British shipping suffered so much at the hands of the Barbary pirates that Queen Elizabeth sent an expedition to the Mediterranean to exterminate them. The expedition was fairly successful, but failed to get the better of the Camogli gang.

A RESORT AS YET UNSPOILED: The charming village of Sari, almost unknown to the usual Italian Riviera clientèle

Although unknown to the tourist, Camogli has been discovered by the cinematographic people, and I was told that in 1931 two films were shot in Camogli, *The Two Sergeants* and *She and I*. Camogli is a fairly large town and there are at least 600 retired sea captains who live there; in addition to its excellent school of navigation, Camogli now has a fine building which is a home for old seamen.

L. C.

BEAUTY IN THE BALEARICS

The most convenient route from London to the Balearic Islands, both with regard to time and expense, is via France, i.e. Paris, Toulouse, Narbonne, Port-Bou, Barcelona, and thence by a good service of steamers to Palma, completing the journey in forty-four hours.

Majorca, the charming capital of the Balearic Islands, has an ideal position commanding a view of one of the most beautiful bays in the world. Its picturesque name is in keeping with the marvels of the romantic district. The higher quarter of the town is connected with the lower by flights of steps cobbled in artless design. Preserving as it does relics of Moorish occupation, the streets are narrow, the buildings are high, arches bridge the darkened passages, and ramparts still partly encircle the city. The central feature of the scene is the cathedral, commenced by James I in 1230, and the entire building is encased in an exquisite setting of natural beauty.

One of the charms of Majorca is the scrupulous cleanliness of its people; this, combined with their sturdy and independent honesty, tends to make the average Englishman more at home than is usual in otherwise romantic spots. The bath need not be sought in a back street in Palma—it is found complete in all the hotels.

THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN: The public market house of Iviza, and in it is concentrated much of the island's colourful life

The centre of life on these islands is certainly Palma. Its inhabitants, totalling some 80,000, see the vicissitudes of the past portrayed in the many historical monuments. The central feature—the severe Gothic cathedral on the edge of the ramparts—marks the conquest of the island by Jaime el Conquistador; the Lonja, said by Jovellanos to be the most beautiful Gothic edifice in Spain, and the Consulado del Mar recall Majorca's former greatness in commercial activities—La Almudaina, a palatial residence, was built by the victorious Arabs on the site of a Roman castle, and the spacious Arab Baths are still in a good state of preservation, the cupola and twelve pillars being still intact. Another fine piece of Moorish work is the fountain in the Calle de Aguas—the fountains are within the hexagonal building. In real Moorish style, almost all the better class houses are built round patios. The Church of St. Francisco has become almost a shrine, for within it is buried the mystic missionary to the Moors—Ramón Lull.

The island is stated to have two holidays a week. Despite the exaggeration there is truth in the statement, for there is much festival activity, especially in the winter. Christmas Day is celebrated almost as in England, On December 31, known as the "Feast of the Conquistadores," the twelve motley drummers drum the Corporation round the church and town. Bands and banquets are the order of the day.

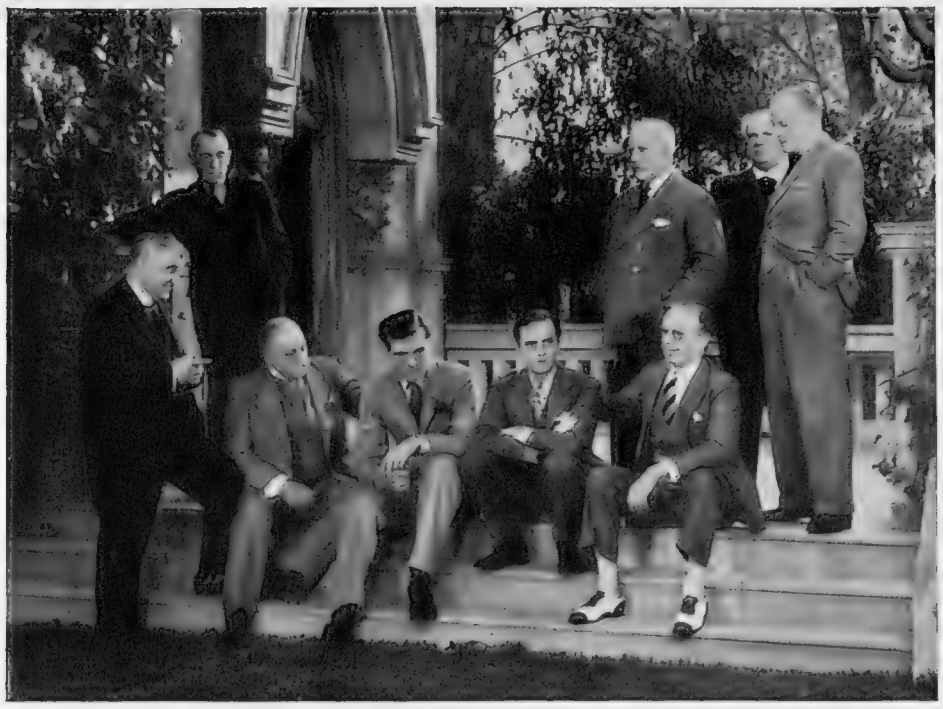
To conclude, it may here be mentioned that the Mediterranean climate is of the mild subtropical type suffering only short spells of winter rain, and the islands mentioned above are favoured with almost continuous good weather and bright sunshine. Protected from cold winds on the northern side by coast mountains, the islands are fanned by sea breezes and the perfumes of the cultivated areas.

F. G. B.

Balearic pictures by Ewing Galloway

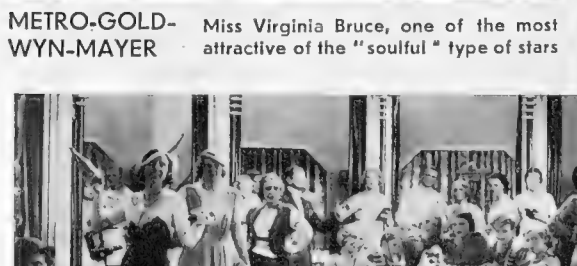
THE THRESHING FLOOR at Valldemosa, where mules trample wheat from straw. Chopin and Georges Sand lived in the convent in the background

FILMS of the WEEK



"WEDDING REHEARSAL" This notable British picture is a London Film Production directed by Alexander Korda and has retained the Englishry of atmosphere without the penury of presentation so often characteristic of our home products. *On left* is a group including Messrs. Morton Selten, John Loder, Maurice Evans, and George Grossmith; *on right*, Miss Diana Napier and Mr. Roland Young

"MR. BILL, THE CONQUEROR" *On left* Mr. Henry Kendall in the title role of the brilliant P.I.P. production which at long last exploits the beauty of English acres. *On right* are Mr. Kendall and Miss Heather Angel—and friends



METRO-GOLD-WYN-MAYER Miss Virginia Bruce, one of the most attractive of the "soulful" type of stars

"LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE" The hairdressing saloon scene in the Gracie Fields picture produced by Basil Dean at the A.R.P. Studios, Ealing

"THE WORLD AND THE FLESH" Miss Miriam Hopkins under arrest in the play of Russia—revolutionists, pirates, and betrayals

ARMS AND THE MOTORIST: A signpost with fifteen arms erected at Bude, Cornwall, which points the way to neighbouring villages and also to London, 223 miles away

BENEATH THE GARDENS OF THE QUIRINAL: The tunnel connecting the Via Nazionale and the Via Tritone runs beneath the famous gardens and links together two diverse sections of Rome

A CALL FOR TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS: Sir H. Kingsley Wood, the Postmaster-General, inspecting a fleet of motor-cycles to be used as telephone propaganda

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW: The motor picnic becomes ever more popular year by year—especially in such settings as Balcombe Woods on the Brighton Road

THE PETROL WORLD

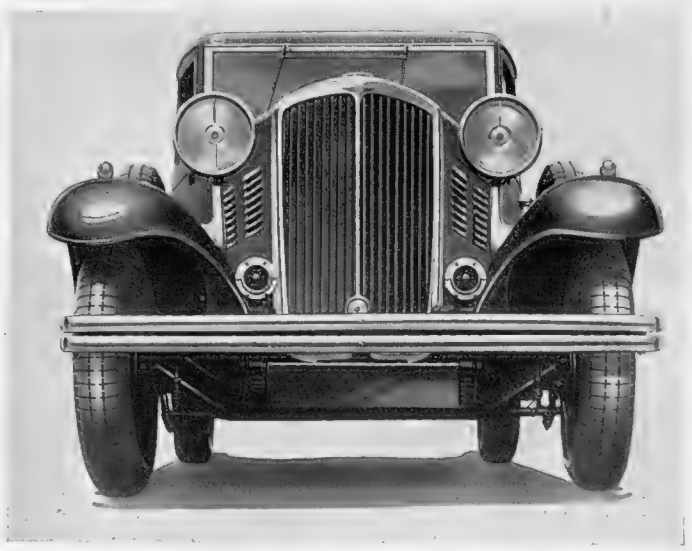
By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

SERVICE VEHICLES. —There is a branch of automobilism of which the public hears very little, but which, I think, is really more interesting than any other. I refer to the overseas side of motoring. I was fortunate enough to be present, not so long ago, at a demonstration given by the military authorities, during which practically every type of mechanical vehicle used in the Service was demonstrated. I think I was really more thrilled than I was at the Aldershot Tattoo, and I can say quite definitely that it gave me the biggest surprise of my life. Most motorists have seen Army tanks going through their usual evolutions so that their display, although exceedingly interesting, was not sensational, in spite of the fact that we were shown every type from the oldest to the latest experimental. What caused me the greatest surprise was an Austin Seven, which the authorities had fitted with an entirely different type of suspension to suit its use over the roughest of country.

It bounded about over rough country in a manner which I could never describe, and even if I could my readers would not consider it possible. Then I also saw a medium weight vehicle driven across country, but instead of having the usual six wheels it had four, but those at the rear were fitted with the new type of giant pneumatics, mounted direct on the hubs. Whether this new type of wheel will ever become popular on touring cars, it certainly seems to have a future in the overseas market.

We motorists are so apt to consider that no motor vehicle will operate once it leaves a hard macadam or concrete road that it takes one's breath away to find huge motor-wagons careering over the roughest of ground, going into and coming out of ditches, and pushing themselves up and down banks. Where vehicles are fitted with their own endless tracks such obstacles to the lay mind do not count for much, but when what looked like ordinary four-wheeled and six-wheeled vehicles careered at speed over such ground there was definite cause for wonderment.



HEAD-ON: The front view of the Standard "Twenty" Special Saloon. Among the many features worthy of note can be seen the extra sturdy headlamp supports, twin hooters, and double windscreen wiper arms

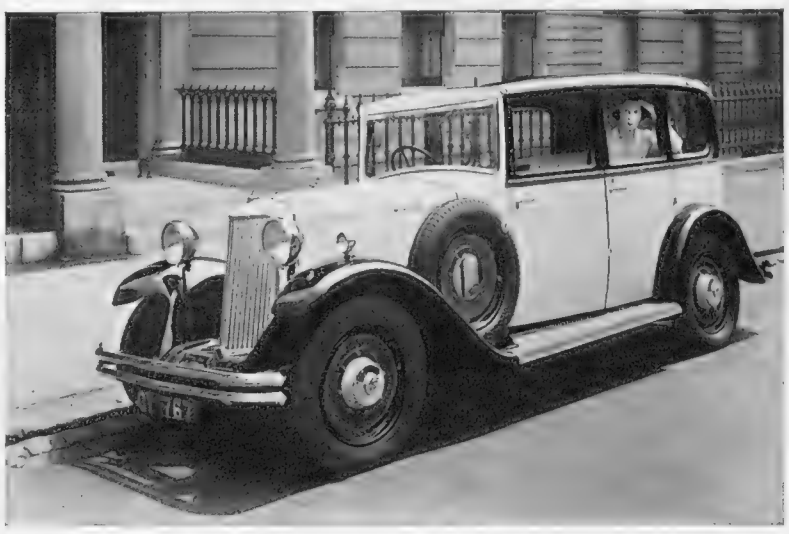
WORKING SIX MONTHS AHEAD.— We are all getting old enough with the passing of years, and I for one am very sorry to have just chronicled another birthday. Remembering the date of my birth and that this was 1932 I calculated how old I really was, but the day after making this calculation I was informed by the Standard Motor Company Limited, that as far as they were concerned the year 1933 started on July 1, 1932. This is certainly most puzzling and disconcerting to people like myself, who would prefer to go backwards in years rather than forwards. Here's to a Happy New Year to the Standard Motor Company and to Standard owners! The 1933 cars are certainly making their appearance earlier in the year than did the 1932 models last year. Really this announcement of the 1933 Standard programme is a matter for congratulation rather than the reverse. Manufacturers, when they decide on their programme for any year, estimate the number of cars they will sell and order the material necessary for their making and arrange their works accordingly.

If the public do not buy as many cars as anticipated the makers are left with a disconcerting surplus of vehicles or of raw materials. On the other hand, if the public buy more readily than was thought possible the raw material is used up quickly and the manufacturers are confronted with the alternatives of starting an entirely new programme of altered models or of making an additional batch of their older cars. Standards were in the happy position of finding their entire programme consumed much earlier than they had anticipated and they have in consequence decided on getting on with their 1933 cars straight away. In these days of depression and hard times it is a matter for sincere congratulation to the Standard Motor Company for producing such popular vehicles that they compel the public to buy even if money is not so plentiful as it was.

TWO NEWCOMERS. — Their new programme includes new editions of the four models which have been so well known during the current year, namely, the Little Nine, the Big Nine, the Sixteen, and the Twenty. The prices for saloons are unaltered with the exception of the Little Nine saloon which now costs £159. In addition to these four there are now two newcomers known as the Standard Little Twelve and the Standard Big Twelve, both of which have six cylinder engines. Both these new cars are built on the lines of and closely resemble the Little Nine and the Big Nine respectively.

GENERAL IMPROVEMENTS. — The newly designed radiator has a more accentuated V front, and possesses additional slope. There has been a general improvement in appearance, and this is particularly noticeable at the rear of all the new models. The flush-fitting sliding roof is another point which has had attention. Road springs are longer and more supple, doors are stronger, larger section tyres are fitted, and body frames have been stiffened throughout.

I would also like to draw attention to the grouped-nipple lubrication fitted under the bonnet, the roomy parcel tray beneath the instrument panel, and the adjustable flush-fitting foot-wells, which can be used either as foot-rests or wells, and when closed, as storage places for parcels or tools. The makers anticipate that these cars will be even more popular than they were this year, and have, therefore, carried out certain improvements and additions to the plant at Coventry, which should ensure an immediate increase in production. The company hope that this increased production will overcome the inconvenience of waiting for delivery, which, unfortunately, took place regarding the 1932 models; although, in actual fact, a complete Standard car left the factory every five minutes of the working day, thus beating all records in the history of the firm for production and sales.



THE ARTISTIC FOR THE ARTISTIC: Lady Lavery, the wife of Sir John Lavery, R.A., with her long 15-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley car. The colour scheme is particularly striking with black top and wings and ivory below the waist-line. The interior is upholstered in red leather

A ROYAL VISIT.—On Tuesday, July 12, the Duke of Gloucester, attended by Major R. T. Stanyforth, M.C., visited the Standard works and was present at a luncheon given in his honour. This took place in the new staff pavilion which was officially opened by H.R.H. by the unveiling of a tablet. After visiting the works the Duke accepted delivery of a 1933 Standard Sixteen Saloon, supplied to him through the Car Mart Ltd., 46–50, Park Lane, London, W.

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KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

CONTINUATIONS

ELEPHANT SEAL

(Continued from p. 83)

which lie on the beach round the edge of the harem, and also loiter around in the water alongside. If one of these bulls outside the harem makes a move, the harem bull immediately raises up his head, and if the bachelor approaches his harem he starts roaring. . . .

When the harem bull starts roaring at a bachelor bull, if the latter is a small one, he usually takes this as a warning and edges away, but if he is a big one he usually answers back, challenging the harem bull to fight, frequently approaching closer. This sets the harem bull beside himself with fury, and immediately he blindly rushes at his rival in a direct line over his cows and pups. If this does not start the other in flight a fight ensues. Approaching each other closely face to face, each bull rears up as far as he can on the hind third of the body and, with the mouth wide open and the proboscis inflated, falls forward against his rival, endeavouring to lacerate him with his upper canine teeth. They do not bite each other when fighting in this way, and most of the wounds are received on the head and sides of the neck. If, however, one of them makes an unsuccessful lunge and falls forward, the other wallops down on top of him with all his weight and bites his neck or back, sometimes tearing out a lump of skin and blubber nearly a foot square. If this happens the fight finishes at once, the vanquished making off as fast as he can, pursued for a short distance by the victor. If no bad wounds are given these fights last four or five minutes; if the harem bull gets in a few good blows, the other soon gives up.

When trying to drive a human intruder from the neighbourhood of the rookery, if roaring does not effect his purpose, the harem bull makes for the cause of his annoyance with all possible speed and regardless of obstacles. If he is in the middle of his harem he goes lolloping over his cows and pups, in spite of the disturbance that this causes, and it is astonishing that the pups manage to survive such rough treatment. One would expect to find them completely flattened by the passage of a large bull over them, yet one rarely sees them injured in this way.

The bull, however, does not dare to leave his harem unguarded and will pursue the intruder only a little way. When he wishes to return to the harem he stops by throwing forward his weight, without raising the fore part of the body on the fore flippers as he does in normal progression, so that he pitches forward on to his chest, raising the back part of the body and hind flippers high into the air. He then raises the fore quarters and swings round on the middle part of the body with both ends raised up in the air at the same time, and returns to his cows. He goes through the same process in chasing the rival bull, and will also suddenly swing round on the middle of the belly in this peculiar way to face an intruder if he is disturbed when asleep. If the disturbance is slight and behind him, to save himself the trouble of swinging round unnecessarily, he raises his head vertically and bends it back so far that he looks along his own back at the cause of his uneasiness. Cows and small bulls, if disturbed, will bite on a stick presented to them and wrench it forcibly from the hands; no doubt the big bulls would do so as well. The bachelor bulls fight considerably among themselves in the breeding season, when they are hanging round the outskirts of the rookeries. The fights between the bachelor bulls frequently last on and off for a long time, two of them lying near each other on the beach being engaged in bouts of fighting all day long. . . .

The impression one gets from watching the elephant seal is that they would be extremely dangerous if they could move with any degree of agility on the land; it is only their cumbersome unwieldiness that makes them harmless. . . .

THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON'S SON

(Continued from p. 86)

rather than Buonaparte in his death. He died in the room his father, in the plenitude of his power, had occupied in Schönbrunn, the Tsarskoe Selo of Austria, and was treated as other royalties of his mother's House: his body buried in the vault of the Capuchin Church in Vienna, his heart embalmed in a casket on his tomb.

Strange moments the youth knew in the childhood that was his life; but none so strange as that when his father had declared war on his grandfather and he banged his baby spoon shrieking in reiteration the Thunderer's idea of baby-talk to both his parents, "Beat Papa Francis," over and over again, or that when, at the age of three, he drew his wooden sword and cried that he was fighting his father's foes, Blücher and Louis XVIII who had stolen all his toys.

The stately tongue of the Rome he never ruled enshrines his epitaph, embossed in bronze, upon the casket, which still remains, despite the claims of the Pantheon of Paris, in Vienna. In his life, he was a nonentity — the richest private person in the empire of his grandfather; in his death, he was yet another stone flung into the eddying waters of high diplomacy; in posterity, he is but the shadow of a great actress giving an instant's vital existence to a memory forgotten.

Requiescat in pace Romæ Rex. G. H. W. R.

THE PARIS SOCIAL SEASON

(Continued from p. 87)

dressmakers and milliners are invited to send mannequins, so that the latest Paris fashions may be displayed in the charm of a sylvan setting. This is a crowded occasion, and men as well as women are eager to obtain invitations and criticize the gowns. Nowadays a driving display of various kinds of carriages, from the four-in-hand to the dog-cart, takes place at the garden party. Formerly the coaches which drove out to the Prix des Drags at Auteuil, one of the leading steeplechase events of the *Grande Semaine*, used to drive after the races to the polo club, where the owners and their guests took tea. But now the crowd of motor cars is so great and the roads so congested that this picturesque custom is falling more and more into abeyance, and the Prix des Drags is reminiscent of coaching days only in name.

Ever since the advent of the Russian Ballet in the days before the War, the ballet season has been one of the leading events of the Paris season. This year has been no exception to the rule.

This year and last, one of the leading picture galleries of Paris has issued invitations for an evening party for the private view of a notable collection of pictures. Last year it was a collection of the works of Matisse. This year Picasso is the artist chosen, with a very comprehensive collection of his works, showing the development of his genius under the influence of his residence in Paris. Entertainments of this kind are becoming more and more popular in the Paris season. They attract members of the official, diplomatic, social, and artistic worlds. The criterion of success of a Paris party, whether public, official or private, is that more people are crowded into a certain space than it can comfortably hold. Judged by this standard the Picasso *vernissage* was as successful as anybody could wish.

The real culmination of the Paris season is the week of big race meetings at Auteuil and Longchamp, beginning with the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil and terminating with the Grand Prix at Longchamp.

Actually the Paris season goes on for quite a fortnight after the Grand Prix. There are various costume balls given in houses with lovely gardens which form the setting for various lovely tableaux.

The British Ambassador and the President give garden parties, and after the national festival of July 14 the shutters are closed in the fashionable quarters of Paris. W. B.

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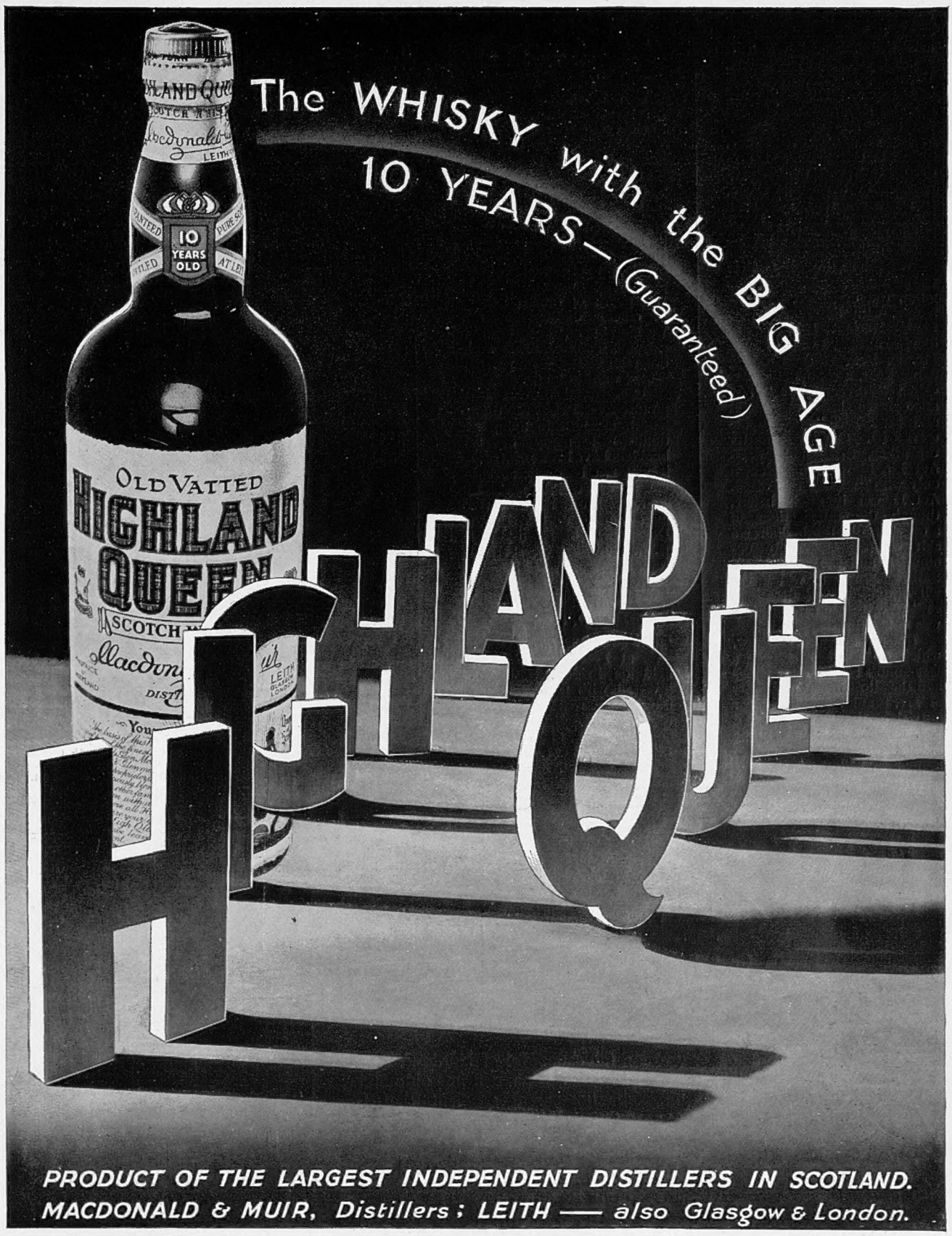

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PLAYS OF THE WEEK—(Cont. from p. 93)

delicately between the nonsense that is utter nonsense and the nonsense which is a pill well and subtly gilded. For *revue intime*, Mr. Potter is the man. His assurance, too, is great, and never once did the hand of the Potter shake, even when a gallery, obstinate and hysterical, proceeded to "guy" the best five minutes in the whole revue, just because they had been baulked of an encore. But I fancy Mr. Potter thrives on this sort of thing.

For the rest *Savoy Follies* is the familiar mixture of the good, the mediocre, and the feeble, with the good vastly predominating. If he has not done so already I would advise Mr. de Bear to drop a long dance duet, a song ominously called "Never Again," and an episode by "Lieutenant and Mrs. Bird" (which deserved it). Coming one after the other, these items dealt Act I a blow from which it only with difficulty recovered. Act II was infinitely better, though the interjections of a comedian in the melodrama skit were devastatingly unamusing and the Gilbert and Sullivan finale in which the wit of Gilbert was described as "kind," which it certainly was not, fell rather flat.

But the assets in this show, which include Miss Florence Desmond's brilliant imitations and the all-round effectiveness of Mr. Stanley Holloway, far outweigh the defects. And Mr. Gillie Potter is surely the comedian of the hour—and of many future hours.

NOTES and NEWS

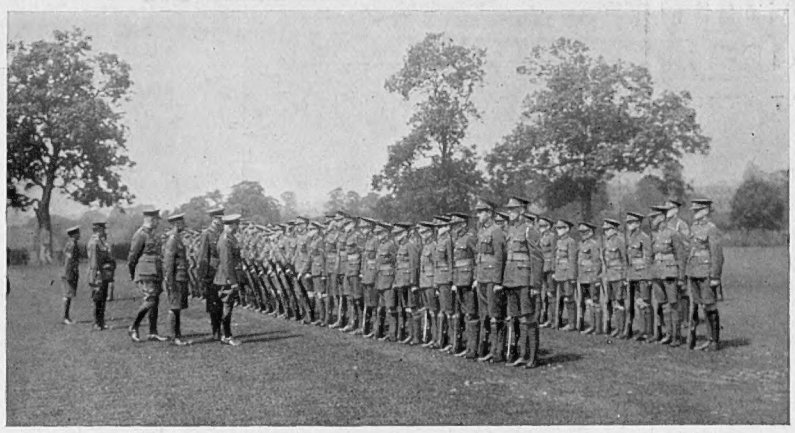
'PLANE ANATOMY

Real "inside information" about light aeroplanes is provided by a most ingenious booklet just issued by Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd. Entitled *The Modern Aeroplane*, it is, in fact, an anatomy of aeroplane construction. Flaps lift up to reveal interior mysteries, and illustrate directly to the intelligent eye just how everything works. The five pages of illustrations in colour disclose each working part, and brief but carefully-detailed notes explain everything pilot—or passenger—may want to know.

Of especial interest is the picture-model showing the full-length machine in flying position. Not many of these booklets have been printed, and it will not be every aeroplane "fan" who can get one. First copies will go to those who write in at once to the Publicity Department of Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., Shell Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

FRAMLINGHAM O.T.C.

The annual O.T.C. inspection at Framlingham College, held on Friday, July 8, was invested with more than usual interest by reason of the fact that the inspecting officer was an Old Boy of the school, Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Stanley Murray, M.C., officer-in-command of the 1st Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, who was at the school from 1893 to 1897. The company, under the command of 2nd Lieutenant F. J. Smith, numbered eighty strong, and Major R. F. Collins, D.S.O., M.C., who resigned the command in May last, after twelve years in that capacity, was also on parade. Following the inspection the company engaged in various manœuvres, at the conclusion of which Colonel Murray congratulated them on their all-round smartness and efficiency.



THE O.T.C. OF FRAMLINGHAM COLLEGE inspected by an Old Boy, Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Stanley Murray, M.C.

THE WINNER OF *THE TATLER* CUP: The Duchess of Bedford who, with her immaculate Puss Moth, carried off this coveted award in the Concours d'Elegance at Brooklands. Her Grace is seen above with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Wingfield—and the trophy

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Owing to an unfortunate outbreak of illness on board the Training Ship *Arethusa*, the Annual Prize Day fixed for July 27th has had to be abandoned. The Committee regret this very much as it would probably have been the last occasion of a Prize Day in the old *Arethusa* owing to the serious condition of her hull, and a new Ship will have to be bought. This is a very sad state of affairs, and funds are most urgently needed to meet the expense involved. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations to the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2?

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines, and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Boroughbridge	Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent	Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones (Co. Wicklow)	Grand Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon)	Instow Private Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Keswick	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Kingstown (Co. Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane	Newton House Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	"Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Looe	Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Newquay	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Do.	Station Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Portheawl	Seabank Hotel
Ramsey	Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond.	Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks)	The King's Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork)	Rostrevor Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Angel Hotel
Do.	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Scarborough	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks	Heathfield Private Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Uxbridge	Brookfield Hotel
Ventnor	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do.	Crosby Hall Hotel
Do.	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woking	Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

We all have our lucky days but do we know them beforehand?

How many times we hear people say: "Oh, I have my days" meaning success on those days either in business, sport or speculation. But do they know beforehand those lucky days? Alas! no. How much better it would be to know those days beforehand and multiply our gains and likewise know our most unfavourable days and thereby save money and disaster.

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ON A WARM AFTERNOON

You'll enjoy this

'Within the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honour and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

'So what you've got to do, young Serena,' he advised, 'is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars — when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself."

'Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with' said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal Prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

Serena soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts." . . . *You must read* "HOT DOG" *. . in which a dashing member of the Brigade of Guards demonstrates to Miss America that deception is sometimes the better part of valour.*

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

"Little is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater, perhaps, would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from 'Milton's mulberry' in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge." . . . *A delightful article* "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS," *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.*

This beautiful signed portrait of JANET GAYNOR GIVEN AWAY with the July Issue

No other Magazine in the World is quite like it

"RESTLESS EXILE FOR A BOURBON DEMOCRAT" *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
"COTTAGE FOR TWO" *by Mollie Panter Downes*
"FAR-EASTERN NIGHTS-OUT" *by P. Jerome Willis*
"THE PERFECT DAY" *by Francis Brett-Young*
"EVE'S FIG LEAF" *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS" *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde*
"HOT DOG" *by F. E. Verney*
"NAPOLEON THE LITTLE" *by Amy St. Loe Strachey*
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"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" *by F. Matania, R.I.*
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"TABLE DECORATIONS OF MODERN HOSTESSES" *by Audrey Wrangham*
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BRITANNIA AND EVE

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